TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

THE DEATH OF GRANT.

The muffled drum's sad roll doth beat
Our fallen chieftain's last tattoo;
No more upon the battlefield
He'll lead the brave who wear the blue.
He'll meet no more with those brave hearts
His presence did in battle cheer:
No more they'll see him in their midst
As they assemble year by year;
But, like a soldier brave and true,
Beneath the turf we'll lay him down—
There to possess a soldier's rest—
There to receive a hero's crown.
Though never vanquished by a foe
Upon an earthly battlefield,
He yields to that great conqueror
To whom we all at last must yield.
The heart that braved the beaten storm
Upon a score of bloody fields,
And for its land beat high and warm,
Now lies, unconscious of her grief.
The hand which raised for her the sword,
And led her on to victory,
Now lies all powerless by his side
Who spent its strength for liberty.
But Thou, O mighty Conqueror!
Into whose hands our chief we give,
Accept him in that brighter land
Where all earth's worthies ever live!

Foe, Pa.

For the Blade.

SONG OF SUMMER TIME.

BY J. E. ASHABRANNER.

The fields are bright with the golden grain
And wave in the scented breeze;
The partridge pipes out his clear refrain,
To his mate 'neath the apple trees.

Sweet and low is the hum of bees,
And the lilt of the reaper's tune,
As, one by one, they bind the sheaves
Beneath the skies of June.

Deep in the shade of the beechen grove,
Where the sun and the shadows play,
The oriole swings with his mated love,
And pipes his tuneful lay.

Silent and grand with a lurid glow,
Behind the hills of the west,
The chariot of Sol is sinking low,
And tells the harvester rest.

Down through the ebony plumes of night,
The full moon, shoots its bars,
Fervent and blended in their flight,
With the pale, cold light of stars.

Soft and low are the sylvan sounds,
That are borne by the winds along;
Sweet is the rest, and the heart rebounds,
In the summer night of song.

New Albany, Ind.

THE DEAD WARRIOR.

Muffle the drum, let the rifle point downward;
Twine crape in your banners, the soldier lies low.
His hand shall no more draw the sword from its scabbard,
His wan lips no more cheer his men on the foe.
God! what a harvest that great soul is reaping—
The grandest, the rarest a soldier e'er won—
For behold, a whole Nation lies prostrate and weeping
At the bier of its savior, its warrior son.

What shall we say of him? How tell his story?
How chant the praises of him who is gone?
Who shall be worthy to sing of his glory?
Who blazon the deeds that our soldier has done?
Ye who have marched with him, camped with him, fought with him,
On plain and on mountain side, swamp and redoubt,
Ye who have thrilled at the voice of the leader,
Comrades of Grant, 'tis the time to speak out.

Tell of the soul that knew no hesitation,
The warrior born, a stranger to fear,
That rose in the gloom of the land's desolation,
That banished the storm and brought her sons cheer.
Who now dare murmur a word of disfavor?
Who breathe a slander to tarnish his fame?
Who grudge a tear to the country's savior?
Who not bend low at the sound of his name?

Soldiers of Grant who went down in the battle,
Whose bones have long moldered in South and in North,
Come from your graves, 'tis no musketry's rattle
That bids you, dead heroes, arise and stand forth.
Come in your shadowy, awful battalions,
For the shade of the leader is waiting for you.
You who met death where he bade you, and flinched not,
The valor he trusted, the brave hearts he knew.

'Mid the muffled drum's beat, and the wail of the bugle,
And the swell of the organ in mournful song,
Comes the murmur of these, the Republic's dead soldiers,
Whose numbers outnumber the sable-clad throng.
And sentried unseen by his grave will pace slowly
Side by side with the living who honor that rest.
Let us go, for the slumber of heroes is holy,
They who died at his bidding have loved him the best.

—*Dan O'Connell in the San Francisco Alta.*

Our Story Teller.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

It is my custom on Monday—which, as everybody knows, is the parson's Sunday—to smoke a cigar after lunch; and the slight unpleasantness which had occurred between Clare and myself was, I considered, no sufficient reason for breaking so salutary a rule. Indeed a long experience has shown me that nothing is more soothing to nerves which have been acted upon by a woman's tongue than a moderate indulgence in tobacco; and as the day was bright and sunny, I determined to carry my usual practice into effect out-of-doors.

My ruffled thoughts quickly returned to their ordinary tranquil groove; for, although Clare's conduct had momentarily upset me, I took comfort from the reflection that I had not answered her remarks in the spirit with which they were pervaded. It is true that with me, as with most really thoughtful men, ideas came slowly, and I have not the same facility of retort which my daughter inherits from her dear mother. But even had I possessed such dexterity, I trust I should have been too generous to make use of it.

The rectory stands on a slight eminence from which the ground slopes downward for a short distance until interrupted by a stream of some pretensions. This is spanned by a rustic bridge, connected with the grounds proper by a large meadow, also belonging to the rectory, and it was to this point I now directed my steps.

As I approached the bridge I was considerably annoyed to observe the figure of a man upon it. He was leaning over the parapet, idly gazing into the water beneath. My temper, I hasten to mention, is a remarkably equable one, but nothing disturbs it more quickly than the intrusion of strangers into my grounds. Unhappily, this is an infliction to which I am often subjected, owing to the fact that a public field path traverses the meadow of which I have spoken. As a clergyman I am, of course, bound to respect the laws of the land in which I live, but one more monstrous or unjust than that which empowers any passing stranger to trespass unquestioned on a man's private property I have not yet discovered.

Under no aspect, however, could the bridge be considered part of the path referred to, and this, I resolved, the interloper should at once be made to understand. With that object in view I quickened my pace to a sharp trot.

By an unfortunate chance, just as I reached my destination a gust of wind caught my hat and blew it into the water. On perceiving this the stranger, with a laudable readiness, ran down to the bank on which I stood, and, before I could protest, had walked into the middle of the stream, secured the errant article and restored it to my hands.

It certainly was provoking that, with every reason to be otherwise, I was forced to appear grateful to the man for his promptitude. Nevertheless, this did not affect the fact that he had been intruding, as, after a word of thanks for his timely aid, I proceeded to enforce upon his attention.

"Very true," he answered with a light laugh. "Shall we resume our former positions?—I on the bridge—you bareheaded on the bank, haranguing me as to the wrongfulness of my conduct with a fervid eloquence wholly lost, I regret to say, upon my unworthy self, while the unconscious hat drifts placidly down the stream?"

His tone of levity jarred on my feelings, albeit his manner, if lacking in respect, had a certain charm about it.

"It is not a subject for laughter," I rejoined in a grave voice; "the rights of property must be observed, else there is an end to social order."

He laughed again in his easy fashion. "I surrender without reserve," he said. "Really, I owe you an apology for venturing into the water without first asking permission. But the occasion was one of those in which if a man hesitates he—or, as it happened, the hat—is lost."

I fear I shall now be accused of weakness, but the infection of his bright way could not be resisted. So, with a slight smile, I replied more affably, "That, however, does not justify the first transgression."

"Ah," he cried, "if you go back to original sin I am, indeed, undone. Behold me struggling toward a sense of better things, when suddenly you swoop down and condemn me at the very threshold."

"Young man," I said, "you should not jest upon serious topics."

"I don't, I don't," he answered; "I'm gravity itself. I suppose," he continued, with a twinkle in his eye, "that's what ties me so closely to earth, and prevents my rising to higher and more ethereal spheres."

No one could have been more surprised than myself to find that I was actually laughing at this sorry piece of humor. Yet such was the case. He recognized his advantage and was not slow to profit by it.

"Come, sir," he suggested, "wouldn't it be as well to tie a handkerchief round your head? I don't know how you stand for furnishings within, but good quality or bad, the east wind is apt to play the very devil with them."

"Really, sir," I expostulated—not however, forgetting to act upon the hint—"although the advice may be good, your manner of giving it is offensive, highly offensive."

"Is it?" he said, with a blank look of innocence; "upon my soul, I'm awfully sorry. It's the fault of my training, I presume. You'd place me under considerable obligation if you'll tell me whenever I am offensive."

It was at this moment I remembered that the stranger must be very wet as regards nether garments. "My dear sir," I said, "pardon my forgetfulness; you must be soaking."

He glanced down at his trousers, which were clinging clammily to his limbs. "Yes," he reolied, "your streams, seems abcut as damp as they make 'em."

"Let us go up to the rectory," I continued, "and we'll soon put that to rights." To this proposal he acceded with cheerful alacrity, and side by side we advanced towards the house.

On entering we passed at once into my study, where a bright fire was burning. Without waiting for an invitation my new acquaintance placed himself before it, and was quickly enveloped in a cloud of vapor.

"I see you smoke," he remarked, nodding with his head toward the cigar I held in my hand.

"Yes," I assented; "at my time of life a little indulgence in the habit is permissible, if not positively beneficial. But it is one I greatly deprecate in young men."

"Ah, you're quite right," he rejoined, taking a case from his pocket and extracting a large cigar. "Do you know," he went on easily, "I fancy you and I have many ideas in common. You like a good cigar; I can tell by the smell that's a first-rate brand you're smoking. So do I. Our opinions as to the sanctity of property are similar—that is, so far as our own is concerned. And I shan't be a bit surprised if we were agreed upon the merits of a glass of sherry for stimulating one's circulation after immersion in cold water."

Really this young man was carrying things with rather a high hand, and had it not been that I looked forward to his support later on, I should have been inclined there and then to show him the door.

As I produced the decanter I said rather dryly, "I don't know what my daughter would say if she knew of this."

"By Jove!" he replied, helping himself, "so you've got a daughter. Is she pretty?"

"Fairly so," I replied. Then remembering that it was only right to give him a hint as to her peculiar temperament, I continued, "she takes after her mother—"

"I guessed as much," he interrupted, lifting the glass to his lips. "I presume she inherits her intellectual qualities from her father."

I was on the point of replying angrily to the remark, but before I could do so he resumed: "Pon my soul sir, I'm almost sorry I came now; for, to tell the truth, I'm a desperate lady-killer, and if she took a fancy to me there'd be the deuce to pay."

In the actual state of affairs the idea of Clare falling in love with this young swaggerer was so delicious that, forgetting what was due to a guest, I lay back in my chair and laughed till the tears coursed down my cheeks.

He looked at me gravely for some time, and then said: "It's awfully funny, no doubt, but for the life of me, I can't quite see the point of the joke."

His words recalled me to a sense of my duties. "Really, sir," I resumed. "I owe you an apology for my rudeness, but when you have known my daughter a little I think you will understand my merriment. Come, what do you say to an immediate presentation."

He assented to the suggestion with a nod, and ringing the door bell I instructed the servant to ask Miss Clare to step into the study. At the moment I remembered that I had not yet ascertained the newcomer's name.

"By-the-by," I remarked, "I have omitted to introduce myself. My name is Denby—the Rev. Matthew Denby."

"Charmed to make the Rev. Matthew Denby's acquaintance," the stranger answered, with an inclination of his head. "My own is Panton—Joseph, so called, or, in the vulgar tongue, Joe Panton."

"Panton," I repeated; "not surely one of the Wiltshire Pantons?"

"Well, I suppose," he answered, "I can claim kinship with them, as I inherit the larger bulk of my property from a distant relative who lived in that country."

A man of property then! The fact threw a new light upon his behavior. What I had taken for common impudence was, after all, mere eccentricity, his favorite manner, but the natural assumption of superiority which the possessor of many acres may rightly claim over his less fortunate fellows.

"My dear young friend," I said, as I rose and took his hand, "you delight, you overwhelm me. Although I have lost sight of them for many years, the Pantons were once among my most intimate acquaintances"—a statement, by the way, slightly in excess of the facts; still a little exaggeration might under the circumstances be pardonable. "But what are you doing in this out-of-the-way part of the world?"

"Studying nature, I suppose you'd call it," he replied. "Knocking about the country and taking sketches here and there—in short, playing at being an artist. It is not bad fun as a game that one can throw up when one's tired of it, but it must be deucedly dreary work as a means of earning a livelihood."

An accomplished amateur also! My opinion of the young man was rapidly rising.

"And where are you staying?" I asked, "In the village, at the sign of the Green Dragon."

"My dear boy," I returned, "we must put a stop to that at once. This house must be your headquarters while you remain in the neighborhood. No, no," I continued, anticipating the refusal, which, however, he seemed in no way eager to offer, "I'll take no denial. And here comes Clare," I added, as my daughter entered the room, "to second the request."

Clare came forward in her quiet and somewhat chilling manner. "You wished to speak to speak to me, papa?" she said.

"Yes, my love," I answered; "let me introduce Mr. Panton to you, a relative of one of my oldest and dearest friends."

The two bowed, Clare on her side showing no trace of emotion and very little of interest.

"Mr. Panton, my dear," I went on, "has promised to take up his quarters with us for a time, so you will see that he is made as comfortable as possible. You had better give orders at once for the coachman to bring up his luggage from the Green Dragon."

"Yes, papa," she answered in a tone of such indifference that I felt quite mortified.

"I give you too much trouble, Miss Denby," interrupted Panton, whose somewhat confused manner betrayed that he, too, suffered from the depressing influence of my daughter's reception. "I fear you will think the game is hardly worth the candle."

The expression in Clare's face was not reassuring. "My father's friends are always welcome," she said quietly. Then turning to me: "Perhaps I had better have Mr. Panton's room prepared at once."

"It will be as well," I assented, going to the door and politely holding it open for her as, with a slight bow to Mr. Panton, she quitted the apartment.

When I returned to my place that gentleman remarked, flipping the ash from the end of his cigar. "Your daughter does not inherit your sprightliness of wit, sir."

"No," I replied, "perhaps now you understand my amusement when you expressed some fears as to her tranquillity of mind on meeting you. But come, we may as well see if your room is ready, and then perhaps we may persuade Clare to give us a cup of tea in the drawing-room."

In order that the reader may better appreciate my motive for welcoming Mr. Panton so warmly to our circle, I take the opportunity of saying a word here touching the relations existing just then between my daughter and myself.

In the beginning of the year Clare had paid a somewhat lengthy visit to an old friend of mine, resident in London, at whose house she had contracted an intimacy with a young man named Brown. Now this Brown, I subsequently learned, was the son of a school fellow of my own, and the fact was not one to prepossess me in his favor. Major Brown and myself had been companions both in Harrow and Oxford, but our taste and habits were as dissimilar as night from day. He was wont to affect a frank *bonhomie* alike to intimates and strangers, which, however it might attract them, never succeeded in deceiving me as to his real nature. He was quick, too, in acquiring a superficial acquaintance with any subject he might select, a knack which enabled him to take high honors; while I, with a far sounder knowledge, barely managed to scrape through my examinations. In short he was a pedant and a prig, whom fortune delighted to honor and who lately had attained a position which his intrinsic merits would certainly never have secured for him. It is not my habit to traduce my fellow-creatures, but there are occasions when the truth is desirable, and on which even I do not shrink from uttering it.

Accordingly, when Clare returned home and informed that she had listened to the proposals of this young man, I at once declared she should never have my consent to such a match. The father had been a mean-spirited fellow, and his son, I was satisfied, could be no better. I declined even to discuss the subject in any shape. To some my action may appear to peremptory, but I had taken to heart the old scriptural truth that grapes do not grow on thorns, nor, to apply the simile, high-minded sons spring from sordid parents.

After the first outbreak the subject was allowed to drop, and I was in hopes that Clare had forgotten her girlish fancy for this objectionable person. It was, therefore, with no little indignation I found that a correspondence had been established between the two.

I like to keep up all traditions—call them prejudices if you will—and one of my dearest is that the head of a household should be a father to those who live beneath his roof, one to whom all may come for advice in trouble or comfort in sorrow. I regret that in my own case the theory has been so far restricted to its primitive limits, and has not yet attained the fuller proportion of practice. But to encourage the idea I make it a rule to retain in my possession the key of the post-bag, so that all letters shall pass through my hands. I need hardly say that my object in so doing is softly to breed that spirit of confidence which is the first necessity of a united family.

Thus it happened that on the previous Sunday morning I found myself called upon to deliver to Clare a letter which even the cursory examination I was able to give it satisfied me that it came from young Brown.

Whatever my annoyance might be, I showed no trace of it at the time. My principle is to lay aside on the day in question all mundane matters that might distract the mind from its higher duties. But I made a little mental note that I would take an early opportunity of having an explanation with Clare.

The chance came at lunch-time next day. As I have said, the conversation took a somewhat disagreeable turn, and resulted in my deciding to face the bitter east wind rather than continue a controversy in which all the talking was on one side and the reason on the other.

The advent of Mr. Panton was, therefore, almost providential. Here was a young fellow, good-looking, well to-do, and with a proper confidence in himself. The scheme which flashed into my mind was, indeed a happy one. He was, according to his own declaration, an acknowledged lady-killer. What better opportunity than this could he have for showing his skill? True, Clare's disposition was an obstinate one, but at least his attentions might divert her mind from that other absorbing subject. Still I must act with caution. It would not do to let Panton suspect I was throwing my daughter at his head, else he might seek safety in flight. It would rather be necessary delicately to excite his *amour propre* and leave the rest to chance.

At dinner he and I did all the talking. Clare was unusually silent, but showed greater interest, although not always an approving one, in the stranger's conversation. It was not until the repast was nearly ended that he addressed her directly.

"Your father and I were discussing the subject of woman this afternoon, Miss Denby, but I fear did not come to a satisfactory conclusion."

"That was a pity," she answered coldly. "Under the circumstances, any conclusion would have been better than a continuance of the debate."

He laughed cheerily. "You provoke its resumption, Miss Denby."

"Then, to avoid such a calamity, I propose to withdraw the subject altogether," she answered, making a show of rising.

"Heaven forbid!" he cried, with a pretended air of despair. "It is far too attractive to permit of our losing sight of it yet a while."

"I accuse Mr. Panton of being a poet, my dear," I interrupted. "He has all the paraphernalia of one—tropes, similes, sentiment, passion."

"I stand convicted," he rejoined, "but only as a voiceless singer. I possess the necessary baggage, it is true, but, alas! I have locked it away and lost the key irrevocably."

"We must try to find it for him, eh, Clare?" I suggested.

"Mr. Panton seems in no pressing need of it at present," she replied.

"Ah," he cried, "you are unfair, Miss Denby. You forget that although opportunity be the slave of him who is prepared, it is the tyrant of the unready."

An almost imperceptible smile played on Clare's lips. "You are like to have a useful servant then, Mr. Panton," she said.

"Now you are sarcastic," he rejoined, "but I am helpless in your hands."

"Indeed, I wash them of you altogether," she answered rising. "The responsibility is too great."

"That is my loss," he said, smiling, as he opened the door for her.

"Not if it teach you to take better care of yourself," she replied, with an implied meaning in her tone which I failed to understand as she swept out of the room.

I was delighted with the badinage, trivial though it had been. It at least proved that Clare was not wholly insensible to the attentions of other men, and the circumstance gave me hope for the success of my little scheme.

I had not visited Wiltshire for many years, but I still retained a vivid recollection of its beauties, the quaint old city of Salisbury, the breezy downs and that wonderful collection known as Stonehenge. It was natural, therefore, that as Panton and I sat over our wine the conversation should revert to the principal features of that country, and the producing powers of its soil, this latter being a subject in which I take a considerable interest. I was pleased to find in my companion a kindred spirit, who, recognizing my desire for information on agricultural topics, readily cited the returns yielded to him by his own property. In his manner of stating these details, which to others would probably have appeared dry and uninteresting, I discovered a singular charm and fascination; but after a little I felt that I would be selfish to keep him altogether to myself, and accordingly proposed an adjournment to the drawing-room.

On entering we found Clare seated at the piano, where Mr. Panton at once begged that she would remain. As my daughter was a finished musician, I hastened to second the request. For my own part, whether from the excitement of the day's adventures or the excellence of the dinner I knew not, but no sooner had I relapsed into my easy chair than I dropped into a pleasant slumber.

When I awoke Clara was still at the piano, playing softly, while Panton stood near to her talking in a low voice. As I had no desire to act the part of eavesdropper—indeed, the distance at which I was rendered such a thing impossible—I gave a preliminary yawn and commenced to stretch myself ostentatiously "Bless Me," I remarked, looking at my watch, "it's getting on to 11. How quickly the evening has passed."

Clare rose and began to put away her music. Panton crossed to the fire place.

"Time goes swiftly in the land of Nod," he said to me, "but we could have given you a long start to-night, and even then have won."

"Mr. Panton must speak for himself," Clare interrupted with a slight frown.

"Have I not done so?" he rejoined rapidly. Then he laughed pleasantly, and, after an instant's pause, resumed: "Possibly Miss Denby find my views too comprehensive."

"When they make her an involuntary party to their meaning she certainly does," Clare answered.

"Ah!" he cried, "it would be against my own interest to do so, else I should be robbed of the pleasure of convincing her that they are true."

"Then you must take an opportunity of telling that to-morrow," I said, getting up from my place, "for I cannot afford to lose my beauty sleep for the sake of listening to two young people talking nonsense."

The next morning I passed, as usual, in the study, and in the afternoon, as the weather continued fine, it occurred to me that I had not seen my old friend the squire for some time. I proposed, therefore, to ride over to the grange and pay him a visit, and as Panton suggested that he had letters to write, I suggested his making use of the library during my absence. In this he readily concurred, and before starting I saw him comfortably installed in my place, Clare having stated her intention of going to the village in order to make some necessary purchases.

It was close upon the dinner hour when I returned, and hastily dressing, I hurried down stairs. The young people were already waiting for me, and we at once passed into the dining-room.

The evening was spent much in the same way as the previous one, but I thought I detected a sensible increase of warmth in Clare's manner toward Mr. Panton. As for him, it seemed impossible that anything should stop his flow of spirits. He talked incessantly, and, I am afraid, a great deal of nonsense.

Next day, as I sat reading in my room, he entered in his usual unceremonious fashion. "I hope I don't disturb you, sir," he said.

"Not at all," I answered, laying down my book. "Take a seat."

"Thanks," he replied, "if it's the same to you I'd rather stand. I've always more confidence in myself when I'm on my legs."

"I should not have thought you ever failed in that," I remarked smiling.

"No more did I," he answered; adding with some slight hesitation, "until I came here."

"Ah, you have caught the infection. We are too modest for you go-ahead young London fellows,"

"No," he replied reflectively, "it's not that. Take your daughter, for instance. I'm devilish impudent to her—almost rude at times, and yet it never makes any impression."

"Perhaps you don't want to make an impression," I suggested.

"Oh, but I do," he continued with curious frankness. "You'll excuse me mentioning it, but Miss Denby is a deucedly attractive girl."

"I think it was yourself who first hinted that she took her intellectual qualities from her father," I said, a little maliciously.

He shook his head gravely. "No," he replied, "I detect a difference. She's got a most original mind of her own. Do you know, sir," he proceeded, without any alteration in his voice, "I'm afraid I'm falling in love?"

Talk of originality—here certainly was an example with a vengeance. One might have thought I was a perfect stranger to the lady in question, so unconcernedly did my guest announce the state of his feelings for her. I will not say that the declaration was displeasing, but I reflected that it would not be consonant with my dignity to surrender at the first assault.

"You forget that I am her father," I observed somewhat stiffly.

"Oh, no, I don't," he answered, "that's why I come to you."

"Well?" I continued inquiringly.

"I was anxious to learn in what light the fact would strike you."

"You mean as regards an engagement between my daughter and yourself?"

"Yes," he answered, "I suppose you might put it that way."

It certainly was a strange mode of proposing to become my son-in-law, but after all, the end justified the means. "My dear Panton," I said, "you must remember that our acquaintance has been short, and I should have, of course, to be assured that you are in a position to keep a wife. But, otherwise, I do not know any one whom I would more gladly welcome as Clare's husband."

"Then if I satisfy you on that point there is no obsticle to my trying my luck?"

"None whatever," I answered, deeming it unnecessary to allude to the Brown episode. "You have my full consent, and I can only trust that you will be equally fortunate in winning Clare's."

"Thank you," was his reply; "I fancy if you will excuse me I'll go into the garden now and smoke a cigar. Perhaps I may hit on some plan for obtaining that during the process.

"Certainly, my boy, do as you think best," I rejoined. And so this remarkable interview came to a close.

Panton's communication had been made on Wednesday, and in the meantime I considered it as well not to recur to the subject. He was not, I was convinced, a man to let the grass grow under his feet, and my wisest policy was evidently to await the outcome of events.

On Saturday I informed my guest at luncheon that I had to ask his indulgence for my absence until dinner-time, as I always devoted that afternoon to the preparation of the next day's discourse. But I added that Clare would doubtless prove an efficient substitute—an assertion which I was pleased to observe neither of the young people seemed anxious to dispute.

As it happened the sermon I selected was one which I already knew pretty nearly by note, and consequently little more than an hour's study sufficed to put me at my ease with it. As I closed the manuscript it occurred to me that it might be interesting to find out, in an informal sort of way, how the two were amusing themselves, and so gently opening the study door I stole noisely on tiptoe toward the drawing-room.

On looking in I found that it was untenanted, but I thought I could detect the murmur of voices proceeding from the adjoining conservatory. With characteristic playfulness I crept cautiously to the entrance and peeped in.

Clare and the stranger were seated on an ottoman with their backs turned toward me. But this did not prevent me from seeing—indeed it rather helped to show—that Panton's arm was around my daughter's waist and that their heads were very close to each other. Although out of simple delight at the scene before me I strained every nerve to hear what they were saying, unfortunately I could only catch an indistinct word here and there.

My joy at the discovery was such that I could scarcely refrain from calling out. Only with a considerable effort, indeed, did I succeed in stifling my feelings; but when I again found myself in the library, with no one at hand to watch me, I felt it impossible to retain them longer.

I sat down in my chair and rubbed my hands gleefully together, while, as I thought of the discomfiture, peal after peal of laughter followed in quick succession. To think that I, of all people the most guileless and ingenuous, should have outwitted this crafty schemer! The idea was too exquisite.

When at last I had sufficiently regained my composure, I once more proceeded toward the drawing-room; on this occasion, however, being careful to give due warning of my coming. As I expected, on reaching the conservatory, I found Clare alone on the couch, while Panton stood a little apart from her.

"Well, young folks," I said, "I hope you've enjoyed yourselves."

"Perfectly," returned Panton, in a tone conveying that for his part he could have gone on doing so in the same way for some time further.

"And how have you amused each other," I asked.

"I have been teaching Miss Denby a new game," he replied.

"Ah," I said, "and what is that."

"I call it 'Question and Answer,' and really it's amusingly simple, although your daughter seemed to have some difficulty in understanding it. It is usual for two to play, and the interest is increased when when they are of different sexes."

"Indeed," I interrupted, placing my hand on Clare's shoulder, "and what then?"

"The gentleman, as a rule, begins, although I've heard of cases where the lady has preferred to do so, something in this manner: 'I love you,' he says, 'will you be my wife?' To which she replies 'yes.'"

"And has my little puss been taking part in it?" I asked, looking down into Clare's face affectionately.

She blushed as she answered, "Yes, papa."

I crossed to where the other stood, and took his hand. "Mr. Panton," I said, "you have made me proud in letting me know that you are to be my son-in-law."

"Thank you," he replied, beginning to laugh in his old fashion, "you're awfully good. By the way," he continued, "I may as well set you right at once as to a slight misconception. You seem to have caught my name imperfectly. It is true that I take two-thirds of it from the relative who left me the Wiltshire property, but my full title is Joseph Panton Brown."

"Brown," I stammered in a tone of horror, "not Brown—"

"The son of your old schoolfellow—yes, the same."

The blood rushed to my head, and I felt as if I should choke as I turned angrily to Clare. And the letter you received on Sunday—"

"Came from me," he interrupted, "telling Clare that I had determined to venture here myself and lay siege to the citadel. And, by Jove," he continued, giving me a hearty slap on the back, "it's well I did so, else I should never have known what a powerful ally I had in my future father-in-law."

Certainly his manner *was* offensive, but what could I do?

How the Cabinet Live.

Sec. Vilas keeps bachelor's hall.
Sec. Bayard owns his own house.
Sec. Lamar lives in a boarding-house.
Sec. Garland lives with his mother in a very retired way.
Sec. Manning has not yet rented permanent quarters in Washington.
Sec. Endicott is the only member of the Cabinet who has rented a house.
Sec. Whitney has not yet secured permanent quarters in Washington.

A New Use for Children.

A new use for children has been discovered in England, and it is now fashionable to have them running about the grounds in reasonable numbers whenever a large party is given. The small folks are arrayed for these occasions in white frocks with ballet skirts, silk stockings, very high boots and immense hats, for it is the fancy of the moment that a child's head shall look as large as its body.

Humor.

Bob Burdette's Romance of Jefferson.

He was not President of the United States then, although he afterward attained unto the honor. He was a little boy, and rather inclined to be good, obedient and bright. He loved his mother and even maintained a sincere respect for his father. One evening he was about an hour of longer off time getting home from school, and the eager maternal eye fell upon his shirt and at once divined the cause or his detention. The other eager maternat eye, for she had a little pair of them, saw the same thing.

"Thomas," said his mother, "why are you so late?"

"Lost my jografy, an' had to go'n hunt it."

"Did you find it?"

"Yes'm."

"O, Tommy, you left it at home this morning; it has been here all day."

"Yes'm, that's what I remembered I done with it."

"Tommy!"

"Yes, ma."

"You have been in swimming."

"No, ma'am!" very stoutly.

"Tommy! Mother knows."

"No, *ma'am!*" with the air of a boy whose position is unassailable.

"Tommy, you have been swimming in the river; I can tell by your shirt."

"Nixie, boss!" shouted the boy, triumphantly; "you can play no turned inside out shirt on me! You can't prove nothin' by that shirt."

"Tommy, your shirt tells me everything!"

"Tell nothin'. I didn't take it off when I went in!"

It was many, many years after that when Thomas Jefferson learned why he was fed on the skate strap of affliction that night, in the entire absence of sufficient evidence to convict him, and when the truth dawned upon him, he wrote the Declaration of Independence, and invented the shirt that buttons behind.

A Telling Temperance Lecture.

Two colored barbers, one an old man and the other a young one. The young one took off his apron and started out of the door.

"Yo's gwan to get a drink, Jim?" asked the elder.

"Dat's what I's gwan to do."

"Go and git yo' drink. I yoost ter do de same ting when I wuz young. When I wuz fust married dah wuz a gin mill next to de shop wha' I wucked, and I spent in it fifty and sebenty cents a day outen de dollah 'a half I eahned. Wall, one mawnin' I went into de butchah shop, and who shood cum in but de man who kep' de likker shop.

"'Gib me ten or twelve pounds po'terhouse steak,' he said.

"He got it and went out. I sneaked up to de butchah and looked to see what money I had lef'.

"'What do you wan?' said de butchah.

"'Gib me ten cents wuf of libber,' wuz my remark.

"It wuz all I could pay fur. Now yoo go and git yo' drink. You'll eat libber, but de man what sells you de stuff will have his po'terhouse steak. De man behind de bar eats po'terhouse—de man in front eats libber. I ain't touched de stuff fo' 30 yeahs, and I am eatin' po'terhouse myself."

Society Note.

An old bachelor, who lives in the suburbs of Austin, hires a colored man of about eighteen to clean up his room, fill the lamp, and perform like services. A few days ago the colored domestic, who had been using his employer's blacking, said:—

"Boss, our blackin' am done out."

"What do you mean?" growled the sordid employer; "everything belongs to me, and nothing belongs to you. I want you to understand that nothing belongs to you."

The terrified darkey promised to comply with the request. On the following Sunday the boss happened to meet the colored menial, accompanied by a chocolate colored female pushing a baby carriage.

"Was that your baby in that carriage?" he asked next day, quite a number of his friends being present.

"No, boss, dat's not our chile; dat's your chile. I'se nebber gwine to say nuffin belongs to me no moah."—*Texas Siftings.*

So Soon Are We Forgotten.

Gentleman—"I am sorry to learn of your wife's death, Uncle Rastus."

Uncle Rastus—"Sah?"

Gentleman—"I say that I am very sorry to hear that your wife has recently died."

Uncle Rastus (with a puzzled look)—"I giss da' am some mistake 'bout dat, Mistah Brown. I lef' do old ooman in gud health dis mawnin, sah. Who said she wah dead?"

Gentleman—"I've forgotten now. But I certainly heard so several days ago."

Uncle Rastus (his face clearing up)—"Oh, ya'as, now I understan's, sah. Dat wuz er formah wife ob mine, Mistah Brown. She died mo'n foah weeks ago. De present incumbent am all right."

Tattenamquilliztli.

The electric light vied the moon in illuminating the varanda, but notwithstanding their combined efforts Algernon and Augusta found a convenient place where the rays of light could only be perceived indirectly.

"Algy," said she. "this must be a good deal like the delightful evenings of Mexico, when the Aztecs ruled."

"I dare say; but who were the Aztecs, my dear?"

"Don't you know? Why, they were the people that said 'Tattenamquilliztli' when they meant kiss."

"Did they? Well, give us a 'Tattenamquilliztli'!"

For a moment the moon and the electric light were both eclipsed.

Too Good for a Salesman.

Dry goods merchant—"So, sir, you think you could learn to become a salesman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, supposing you were waiting on that man and his wife over at the face counter. What would you do first?"

"I should hold up the best piece of lace in the stock and ask the man if he didn't think it becoming to his daughter's style of beauty."

"Well, what then?"

"Oh, nothing. The woman would take care of the rest of it."

"Young man, I don't want you for a clerk. I want you for a partner."

Preparing for an Emergency.

Young Man—Can you lend me your rubber mark-eraser until morning, Charley?

Charley—Certainly.

Young Man—Thanks. I'm going to-night to ask old Moneybags for his daughter, and if I don't get her I shall want something to bite on my way home. —*N. Y. Sun.*

A Possible Catastrophe.

"My dear," said a frightened husband in the middle of the night, shaking his wife, "where did you put that bottle of strychnine?"

"On the shelf next to the peppermint."

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned, "I've swallowed it."

"Well, for goodness sake," whispered his wife, "keep quiet or you'll wake the baby."

A Friendly Interest.

"What does your beau do for a living, Mary?" asked a fond father, addressing his daughter. "He's an entry clerk," she replied, with a bright blush. "Gets about $7 a week, I suppose?" "He gets $8." "Indeed! Well, I think I can get him something better than that." "Oh, pa!" she exclaimed, with a glad sparkle in her eyes, for she fancied her father was about to admit her beau to an equal partnership in his business. "Yes," continued the father, "as he is able to sit up all night when he comes to see you, I think he would make an excellent night watchman in a large store. I am willing to recommend him to such a position, being able to testify to his qualifications. He might get as much is $15 a week." Mary ran up stairs and threw herself on a sofa with a sad, sad pain at her heart, while her father departed for his office with a smile on his face.

Mosquito Killing Michigan Girls.

"The Michigan girls are all right," said a young man in response to inquiry by one of his fellow-travelers; "they are all right. Have just spent two weeks up there at a semi-fashionable summer resort. Delightful evenings and nice girls. The only objection I have to them is that they are altogether too expert in killing mosquitoes."

"What objection can there be to that?"

"Well, you see, they are so all-fired quick about it that the mosquito can't get away at all. He is flattened out and smeared on right where he lights. When that happens to be a cheek or an upper lip it isn't so deuced pleasant for a fellow, you know.—*Chicago Herald.*

What Has That to do With It.

"One swallow does not make a summer." Do you know I have no patience with such talk? Of course, one swallow does not make a summer; nor do 20 swallows nor yet 2 millions of swallows. If all the swallows that ever were, are now, and ever will be swallowed, world without end, were to come flying along in December, they wouldn't make a summer. No, sir; not one little mite of a summer 2 days long. And if there wasn't one lone solitary swallow in all this wide world next summer would begin along some time in June and whoop it up in the nineties for 3 straight months, without any regard to the presence or absence of swallows. What have the swallows to do with making the Summer?—*Burdette.*

A Somewhat Staggering Suggestion.

One of our brilliant college youths was heard lately complaining, in the presence of the family, about how difficult he found it to behave, when in society, with an much ease and gracefulness as he could wish.

"Why," he said at last, with a look of the utmost self-humiliation on his face, "if you'll believe me, I get so at times that I don't know what to do with my hands."

Then the youngest member of the family, who cared little for society and less for his elders, brought down the house by remarking, heartlessly, "Why don't you wash them?"—*Chicago Sun.*

An Equivoque.

They tell a good story on a lawyer of Wooster, O. A client charged with stealing a hog admitted his guilt to his counsel. The latter was noted for his honesty in private life. After thinking the matter over he said:

"John, cut that hog exactly in half, and bring one half to me."

John obeyed. The evidence for the prosecution was weak, and when the counsel for the defense arose he won the case by saying to the jury:

"Gentlemen, I can hold up my hand to Heaven and say that the defendant has no more of that hog than I have."

Times Have Changed.

"I have not always been a tramp," he said, as he stopped me upon the street and asked me for a dime to get something to eat. "Once I had plenty to eat and wore fine clothes, and it was then that I made the great mistake of my life," and he wiped a few imaginary tears off on his sleeve.

"What were you?" was asked.

"I was a coachman, and I didn't elope with the daughter. It was considered a disgrace then instead of an honor as it is now, to elope with your coachman."

Liable to Misconstruction.

Smith—Can you lend me $5, Brown?

Brown (handing him the money)—Certainly; more if you want it.

Smith—No; five is enough. By the way, Brown, come up and take dinner with me to-night.

Brown—Sorry, but I have another engagement. So I'll have to ask you to excuse me this time.

Smith (referring to the loan)—Thanks, much obliged. Good morning.

He was Ahead.

The disposition of children not to allow other children to get ahead of them is once more illustrated in two Boston families, as follows:

"I've got a silver dollar."

"I've got two."

"You haven't got a baby in your house."

"Yes we have; we've got twins."

"Well, you havn't got a crazy grandfather; I have."

Throwing Culture to the Wind.

"Sir," inquired a little Boston boy, "what is a 'rodent'?"

"It is an animal that gnaws—as a rat, for instance. When referring to a rat or a mouse it is better to say 'rodent.' It indicates a cultured taste in the selection of words."

Just then a mouse scampered across the room, and the cultured sister, with a wild yell of "Rats!" sprang to the top of the parlor table.

She Knew All About It.

"Charles," said Mrs. Spendall, "I saw a beautiful costume at Bizarre's to-day, and I should like to have it ever and ever so much." "And

Recent Literature.

HOWARD: THE CHRISTIAN HERO. By Laura C. Holloway, author of "The Ladies of the White House," etc. Funk & Wagnalls, New York and London.

The subject of this biography is Gen. O. O. Howard, the soldier and philanthropist, and whatsoever may be thought of the taste of bringing the life of a man before the public while he is still among the living, none will deny that the present volume is exceedingly pleasant reading. The writer seems to have been full of enthusiasm for her work, which is well done. It will find many readers, and is particularly good for young people.

MARQUIS'S HAND-BOOK OF CHICAGO. A Complete History, Reference Book, and Guide to the City. Illustrated. A. N. Marquis & Co., Chicago.

This is a handsomely printed and substantially bound volume of 336 pages, fully illustrated. It opens up with a concise, well written sketch of early Chicago, its wonderful history of disaster and success, and then describes the Chicago of to-day. It is complete and evidently has been compiled with great care. It will be found an accurate guide to strangers visiting Chicago, as well as a handy book of reference for residents. It will and ought to repay the publishers for its production.

UPON A COAST. By Charlotte Dunning. Harper Brothers, New York.

A very pretty little story well suited to summer reading. One of its attractions, besides that of being a good story well told, is the clear large type in which it is printed, that makes its perusal a matter of perfect ease and without effort, a thing to be thankful for when the object is simply to entertain.

FAMOUS PEOPLE OF ALL AGES, WHO THEY WERE, WHEN THEY LIVED, AND WHY THEY ARE FAMOUS. By W. H. Van Orden. A. L. Burt, New York. Cloth, 50 cents.

This little volume is designed to give condensed biographies of the most notable men and women who have lived, and to answer in a concise manner the question, "Why are they famous." Such a little book is invaluable for a library table, and reference to it will clear up any confusion of dates or of individuals that it is liable to occur to the best informed at times. The volume forms one of a series of most convenient and attractive hand-books now publishing by A. L. Burt.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

The August number has the usual amount of excellent reading matter with striking illustrations. The frontispiece is a fine representation of "Peat Gathering." A very interesting article upon "The Crofters" opens the reading matter. This is followed by "Bill Judge" and "A Poem" and then come the serials, one of which "Beneath the Dark Flow" is a new one, and the opening chapters are of absorbing intensity. Macmillan & Co., New York. Annual subscription, $1.75.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

The August "Bill of Fare" is extremely well gotten up, and cannot fail to arouse an appetite for more. The articles are all of interest to housekeepers, and many of them will be found exceedingly helpful. The writers have a practical knowledge of the subjects of which they treat. Published at 111 Broadway, New York; $2.50 yearly.

THE CATERER.

The following from the August Table of Contents shows what the reader has before him: "An Ill-Used Creditor;" "Gastronomic Pickings;" "Aunt Sally and Some of Her Ways;" "French Cooks;" "New York City, Its Ancient Taverns and Modern Hotels;" "Morsels from European Leaders," and others. The usual number of hints about food, recipes, etc., are given. E. C. Whitton, Philadelphia. $2 a year.

DIO LEWIS'S NUGGETS.

The August number is made up of information about and hints about preserving the health, which are invaluable if only attention be paid to what they teach. Dio Lewis knows whereof he speaks. The articles from other papers are excellent. $1 a year.

BABYHOOD.

"Marion Harland's" well-known name will always make the contents of this little magazine interesting and authoritative. The August number is full of valuable information. "Babyhood" Publishing Co., New York. $1.50 a year.

THE CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The contents for July are as follows: "The Synthetic Philosophy of Herbert Spencer," Rev. J. Ming, S. J.; "Modern Uses of Wealth," A. F. Marshall, B. A. (Oxon.); "Vagaries of Protestant Religious Belief, as of John Glasse," Rev. Geo. Ll. D.; "Morality and Life," A. de G.; "The Latest Phase of the Great Pyramid Discussion," R. Meade Bache; "The Political Aspects of Christianity," E. W. Gilliam; "The Crisis in England," Thomas Power O'Connor, M. P.; "The Catholic Doctrine of Baptism," Rev. T. Brann, D. D.; "The New Version of the English Protestant Bible;" "The School Question in Belgium," John A. Mooney; "Anne Catherine Emmerich," Rt. Rev. Mgr. Corcoran, D. D; book notices.

THE ANDOVER REVIEW.

The contents for August are as follows: "The Life of Cardinal Newman," Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke; "The Becket of Mr. Froude and of Lord Tennyson," Rev. F. W. Wells; "Compulsory Education in Crime," E. A. Meredith, LL. D.; Editorial; Bible and Historical Criticism; Book Reviews and Notices; Books Received. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $3 yearly subscription.

THE INTERIOR.

The August number presents a varied table of contents which will be attractive to its readers. Among them is an article, "Educated to Death," by Sarah Hackett Stevenson, which is a well digested answer to the higher education of woman. Mrs. Stevenson, herself a physician of repute and with a practical knowledge of the question, knows whereof she speaks. Reformed Publishing Company, Dayton, O. $2 yearly.

THE PRESENT.

The August number opens with a story entitled "The Clairvoyant," which is followed by an article upon a familiar topic, namely, the weather. There is an article upon "Building Associations," also several illustrated articles. The "Suburban Home" hints are good. J. M. Cochrane Company, Cincinnati. $1 a year.

THE CENTURY.

The Midsummer Holiday Number of the *Century* opens with a lively anecdotal account by Henry Eckford, of life at "Camp Grindstone." Kenyon Cox furnishes a number of charming decorations and initials to Ernest Whitney's poem, "The Glory of the Year." The papers on "Typical Dogs" this month include "The Water-Spaniel," "The Collie," "The Fox-Terrier," and "The Scotch Deer-hound." The fiction of the number embraces "A Story with a Hero," by James T. McKay, the concluding part of "Silas Lapham," by W. D. Howells, and the seventh part of "The Bostonians," by Henry James. All of the departments of the number are well filled and exceedingly interesting. The Century Company, New York. $4 a year

ST. NICHOLAS.

August is the great out-of-doors month, and *St. Nicholas* for August is a great out-of-doors number. The first story, illustrated by a beautiful frontispiece picture by R. B. Birch, is entitled "Little Dame Fortune," and tells how a little girl who wandered away out-of-doors once made an artist's fortune. Helen Gray Cone goes with us into the woods and sings about "A Sting of Birds' Eggs;" Mrs. Frank M. Gregory up among the Catskills, explains how some children there reversed the seasons and went "Coasting in August;" Laura E. Richards takes us for "A Pleasant Walk" in the fields, and Grace F. Pennypacker poetically interprets to us "What the Flowers Said." Mary Hallock Foote gives us "A 'Constitutional' on the Beach," where we can watch the flight of "The Great Blue Heron" with Celia Thaxter, make a "Water-museum" under the direction of G. E. Channing, or go in bathing with "The Brownies at the Seaside." The installments of the serials, too, all take us into the open air. The Century company, New York. $3 a year.

THE ART INTERCHANGE.

A publication which is so uniformly good needs no words of commendation, and yet so perfectly does this one carry out its purpose, which is to help all interested in art work with real practical instruction, and to furnish artistic designs for copies, that it is a pleasant thing to speak of them. The colored plates given through the summer are exquisite, and each number is full of good things. William Whitlock, Publisher, 37 West Twenty-second street, New York. Fortnightly; $3 a year.

The American Poultry Journal for August, 1885, is fully up to its usual standard of excellence. "Moulting Time," "Profits of Poultry," "The Jacobin Pigeon," and other equally good articles will be read with interest. C. J. Ward, Chicago, Ill., $1.25 a year.

The Farmer and Manufacturer, published at Cleveland, O., is a wide-awake journal, and the price at which it is sold, 50 cents a year, will no doubt secure for it a good patronage.

Vick's Magazine for August will be welcomed as usual by flower lovers, as even at this season of the year it is full of interesting things. The frontispiece is a beautifully colored plate of two magnificent roses. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., $1.25 a year.

THE TENTH CENSUS.

Synopsis of Interesting Facts Compiled from the Reports of the Census of the United States, Taken in 1880—Second Paper.

BY GODFREY JAEGER.

Ages of the Population in 1880.

Age.	Whole Population. Number.	per ct.	Ohio. Number.	per ct.
1-10	14,676,429	29.26	877,279	27.43
10-20	10,557,917	21.05	691,336	21.62
20-30	9,149,148	18.24	575,991	18.01
30-40	6,197,648	12.35	394,592	12 34
40-50	4,318,360	8.61	272,700	8.75
50-60	2,856,540	5.70	197,008	6.16
60-70	1,586,316	3.16	118,564	3.71
Over 70	813,425	1.62	63,502	1.98

More than half of the entire population is under 30 years of age. It will be seen that, in point of longevity, Ohio is perceptibly above the average.

Male Population of 21 Years and Over.

	Number.	Per cent.
Native, white	8,270,518	64.46
Foreign born	3,072,487	23.95
Colored, including Chinese, Japanese and Indians	1,487,344	11.59
Total	12,830,349	

It is seen here that nearly one-fourth of the population of voting age is of foreign birth, while it will be remembered that the entire foreign population is only 13.3 per cent. of the whole population, showing that a large proportion of immigrants consists of adults. The ratio of colored voters (even including Chinese and Indians) is considerably below that of colored population. The only conclusion we can draw from this fact is that the blacks are shorter-lived than the whites.

Males of Military Age (18 to 45.)

	Number.	Per ct.
Native, white	7,0 8,134	66.68
Foreign-born	1,960,751	19.17
Colored	1,242,354	12.15
Total	10,231,239	

Youth of School Age (5 to 17.)

Males	7,607,126
Females	7,458,641
Total	15,065,767

In Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Rhode Island and District of Columbia there is a slight preponderance of girls, in all other states and the territories boys outnumber girls.

Illiteracy—Persons of 10 Years and and Over.

	Number.	Per ct.
Unable to read	4,923,951	13.9
Unable to write	6,239,958	17.6

Persons Engaged in Agriculture.

	10 to 15.	15 to 60.	over 60.	Total.
Males	584,867	5,888,133	602,983	7,075,983
Females	183,884	455,920	24,738	594,510
Total	720,329	6,324,0 3	625,711	7,670,493

Persons Engaged in Manufactures and Mechanical and Mining Industries.

	10 to 15.	15 to 60.	over 60.	Total.
Males	86,6 7	2,978,815	139,602	3,205,124
Females	46,930	577,157	7,901	631,988
Total	133,607	3,556,002	147,503	3,837,112

Persons Engaged in Professional and Personal Services.

	10 to 15.	15 to 60.	over 60.	Total.
Males	127,565	2,446,962	138,416	2,712,947
Females	107,830	1,215,189	38,276	1,361,293
Total	235,395	3,662,151	176,692	4,074,238

*Includes domestic servants.

Persons Engaged in Trade and Transportation.

	10 to 15.	15 to 60.	Over 60.	Total.
Males	26,078	1,672,171	52,648	1,750,892
Females	2,547	54,849	1,968	59,364
Total	28,6 5	1,727,020	54,611	1,810,256

Persons Engaged in All Classes of Occupations.

	10 to 15.	15 to 60.	Over 60.	Total.
Males	825,187	12,986,111	933,644	14,744,942
Females	293,169	2,283,115	70,873	2,647,157
Total	1,118,356	15,269,226	1,004,517	17,392,099

Occupations in Detail.

The census gives 265 different classes, with age, sex and nativity, by states. We have selected the most numerous, and a few of the less numerous that are likely to interest the general reader:

Farmers and planters	4,225,945
Laborers, including agricultural	5,183,099
Domestic servants	1,075,633
Carpenters and joiners	373,143
Clerks in stores	353,444
Milliners, dressmakers and seamstresses	285,401
Employes of railroad companies	268,389
Miners	234,228
Teachers and scientific persons	227,710
Boot and shoe makers	194,079
Draymen, hackmen and teamsters	177,584
Blacksmiths	172,736
Cotton mill operatives	169,771
Tailors and tailoresses	133,756
Painters and glaziers	128,558
Launderers and laundresses	121,942
Iron and steel workers	114,589
Masons, brick and stone	102,473
Machinists	101,130
Dealers in groceries	101,849
Dealers in dry goods and notions	45,831
Dealers in produce and provisions	35,129
Dealers in drugs and medicines	27,700
Physicians and surgeons	85,329
Lawyers	64,137
Clergymen	64,698
Journalists	12,308
Authors, lecturers and literary persons	1,131
Artists and teachers of music	9,104
Photographers	9,990
Actors	4,812
Musicians (professional)	30,477
Bankers and brokers of stocks	15,160
Dentists	12,314
Woolen mill operatives	88,010
Engineers and firemen	79,628
Employes hotels and restaurants	77,050
Butchers	76,241
Printers, lithographers and stereotypers	72,726
Bookkeepers and accountants in stores	59,739
Saloonkeepers and bartenders	68,491
Sailors	60,070
Cigar-makers	56,599
Hucksters and peddlers	53,491
Gardeners and nurserymen	51,482
Millers	53,440
Cabinet-makers	50,654
Carriage and wagon-makers	49,881
Grocers	49,138
Barbers and hair dressers	44,851
Manufacturers	44,019
Tinners	42,818
Fishermen and oystermen	41,392
Bakers	41,359
Harness makers	39,960
Brick and tile makers	36,052
Hotel keepers	32,453
Lumbermen and rafismen	30,651

Blind, Deaf-Mutes, Idiots and Insane in 1880.

	Male.	Female.	Total.
Blind	26,748	22,180	48,928
Deaf-mutes	18,567	15,311	33,878
Idiots	45,309	31,586	76,895
Insane	44,408	47,589	91,997
Total	135,032	116,666	251,698

Among the blind and deaf mutes males exceed females about one fifth. The disparity of sex among idiots is startling, the number of males being nearly one-half greater than that of females, a fact which should invite scientific investigation. It is only among the insane that females outnumber males.

Cared for in Asylums and Training Schools.

	Males.	Females	Tot'l
Blind	1,173	988	2,158
Deaf mutes	3,009	2,367	5,367
Idiots	2,063	1,507	3,570
Insane	20,635	20,307	40,943
Total	26,873	25,064	51,937

Only in Ohio and New York has especial attention been given to the education of feeble-minded children.

Prisoners in Penitentiaries.

Males	29,211
Females	1,412
Total	30,623
Native	24,731
Foreign	5,892
Total	30,623
White	22,923
Colored	7,700
Total	30,623

The ratio of native and foreign is the same here as in the entire male population of military age, which we deem the proper class for comparison under this head. The ratio of colored criminals is more than double that of whites.

Inmates of Reformatories.

Males	9,137
Females	2,303
Total	11,340
Native	10,356
Foreign	984
Total	11,340
White	10,102
Colored	1,238
Total	11,340

Urban Population—1790 to 1880.

Date.	Total pop'l'tion of U. S.	No. Cities.	Population of cities	Per cent. of city pop'l'tion.
1790	3,929,214	6	131,472	3.3
1800	5,308,483	6	210,873	3.9
1810	7,239,881	11	356,920	4.9
1820	9,633,822	13	473,126	4.9
1830	12,866,020	26	864,509	6.7
1840	17,069,453	44	1,453,994	8.5
1850	23,191,876	85	2,897,586	12.5
1860	31,443,321	141	5,072,256	16.1
1870	38,558,371	226	8,071,675	20.9
1880	50,155,783	286	11,318,547	22 5

Population of 50 Principal Cities.

	Population.	Per cent.
Native	5,653,556	70
Foreign	2,250,366	--
Total	7,738,888	

These embrace the five principal cities of Ohio. The smallest included in Denver, with a population, in 1880, of 35,630.

THE METAL OF THE FUTURE.

Aluminum Prophesied as the Successor of Iron and Steel.

Trenton Letter.

"The metal of the future," said a prominent mechanical engineer to me, "is aluminum. In a few years it will displace iron and steel, and simply revolutionize industrial arts every where. The millennium will be the age of aluminum."

"But," said I, "iron is the commonest of all metals, and aluminum is comparatively rare. Is there enough aluminum in the world to take the place of iron?"

"Yes," said he, "and your former assumption is an error. Aluminum is the most plentiful of all metals. The world contains ten times as much of it as of iron. It is everywhere. Every clay bed is an aluminum mine."

"What is the reason," I asked, "that it has not already come into general use?"

"The great cost of producing it," he replied. "The metal called sodium is used in the production of aluminum, and it is very expensive. Numberless methods have been tried, and hundreds of chemists all over the world are devoting their lives to the task of finding a cheap way of producing aluminum. The man who succeeds will be more fortunate than though he had found a philosopher's stone. Whoever can produce aluminum at $1 a pound will make a fortune, while the man who can make it for 25 cents a pound can buy out the Rothschilds in a day."

"What is the cost of aluminum now?"

"The raw materials for making it are not worth $20 a ton. That is $20 for enough to produce a ton of the metal. But a ton of aluminum, perfectly manufactured, is worth $20,000."

"What are the valuable properties of aluminum?" I asked, "and to what use can it be applied?"

"It can take the place of almost every other metal in the world," said he, "and very largely that of wood also. In the first place it is very strong. Its tensile strength is more than three tons to the square inch greater than those of the best Bessemer steel. In fact, it is by far the strongest metal known. A cannon made of it would be three times as strong as one made of steel or gun metal. It is very stiff or rigid, too; three times as rigid as the best of bronze. Another important thing is that it will not tarnish. Neither air, nor water, nor salt, nor acids, nor corrosive gases have the slightest effect upon it. Neither does intense heat change its color. It is the best conductor of heat known in the world; also of electricity. It would make the best telegraph wires in the world, having twice the conducting power of copper, with only a third of its weight, and lasting practically forever. It is very ductile, and can be drawn into wire more easily than almost any other metal. Moreover, it is easily worked, either cold or hot. It is suitable for anything that iron or steel or copper or brass or bronze or gold or silver is used for, from the wheels of a watch to a monster steam engine."

"How does it compare in weight with other metals?"

"It is by far the lightest; lighter, indeed, than many hard woods. It is a little more than one-third the weight of cast iron. To be exact, a cubic foot of alumnum weighs only 166 lbs. The same sized block of cast iron weighs about 451 lbs; of wrought iron, 487 lbs; of copper, 5544 lbs.; of lead, 709 lbs.; of brass, 528 lbs.; and of gold about 1,200 lbs. In brief, it is the lightest, easiest worked; strongest, most durable, and generally most valuable of all metals, and the man who invents and patents a meth od of making it cheaply will revolutionize industry, and become the richest man in the world."

A Tombay at the Beach.

We have a house full of children with us, of whom Bebe, a 14-year-old tomboy, is the ring-leader. Bebe is brown-eyed, round-limbed, crimson-lipped, golden-haired, audacious, impudent, dauntless, tantalizing, and, it may seem paradoxical, altogether lovely. Nearly every morning she leads her band down the beach to meet the fish carts. She watches the cracks its shell, and, distributing the pieces, reserves the toes for herself, as she says they are sweetest. In her tramps about the place she has discovered an old graveyard about a mile inland, and took me over to see it yesterday. The oldest stone is dated 1736.

"What makes them call all the women comforts?" called Bebe to me from her knees before an old moss grown slab of stone. I ran to see. The word was consort, written in the old style, the s looking like f; I explained. When we were coming away Bebe, who is a believer in ghosts, whispered to me in a tone of awe, "The ghosts around here must be awful old ones." An old white horse stands in our stable. It is no unusual sight to see Bebe, after supper, when the tide is out, on the animal with three children, one in front of her and two behind, all boy fashion, galloping up the beach barefooted and bareheaded. When we are in bathing she gives herself up to the wild play with the most reckless abandon. It seems to me a cure for all maladies to bathe and then sleep on a sand bank with feet buried in a sand pile, and the wine-like air to breathe.—*Seaside Letter.*

Sword Canes for Ladies.

"I guess I'll have to lay in a new stock of sword canes," said a Philadelphia dealer in walking sticks. "That lady took the last one I had."

"Do ladies buy sword canes?" was asked.

"Do they? Well, I should say so. Young lady artists are heavy customers in them. You see they go about the country sketching and painting, and they want something for protection."

"Against tramps?"

"No, against lizards and snakes—and cows. They tell me they spit a lizard every time—run him right through."

"Are you sure they fight cows with them?"

"That's what they say, but I doubt it. Between you and me, if a girl saw a cow coming toward her she'd drop the cane and make for a fence every time. That's none of my business, though. I'm selling canes, and if the ladies want to buy them, I'm going to encourge them all I can."

Buckner's Opinion of Grant.

At Richfield Springs one day, Gen. Buckner heard some military sceptics criticising Gen. Grant's military ability. "Why, Hooker was as brave as Grant," said one man excitedly. "But Grant was a very near man," said Buckner. "And McClellan was a greater strategist," said another scoffer. "But Grant was famous for his nearness," said Buckner. "He may not have been brave, but he was always near." "What do you mean by nearness?" asked another scoffer petulantly. "Why, when I looked around at Fort Donelson for some one to surrender to, Grant was right there handy; and I notice when Gen. Lee surrendered at Appomattox, Grant was the nearest general to take his sword. Oh, he was near, Grant was."

How She Saved Herself.

The following from the Hartford *Courant* has special interest at this season: "Miss Phebe Benedict of Bethel seems to be one of the few people who in an emergency remember what they have learned for just such occasions. She fell from a boat the other day, went entirely under the water, but on coming up, instead of throwing her arms over her head and screaming till she went down again, as people usually do in such cases, she remained quiet, kept her arms under water, and was easily got out. She said afterwards that she had read that this was the thing to do, and simply remembered it and acted on it."

A Boston Four Year Old.

A youngster of 4, rather noted for his depravity than otherwise, was taken into his mother's bed-room the other day and introduced to his baby sister, one day old. He seemed to look on the new arrival with considerable embarrassment, not unmixed with disapproval, and at the same time to appreciate the fact that it devolved upon him to say something worthy the occasion. Finally he remarked, with a rising inflection expressive of great unctuousness:

"Well, I hope she'll be a Christian!"

A CONVERSATION.

What Old-Fashioned Folks Think of an Old-Fashioned Book.

"It does beat all, mother, how folks do talk agin the Bible! I was over to the store the other day, an' while I was a settin' there a waitin' there for your butter to be weighed, I heerd Squire Green an' Cap'in Carter a talkin'—why they didn't seem to bleeve in nothin' hardly—jest redeculed the story as they called it of Adam an Eve an' the fall. Then they quoted somethin that that ar' Beecher's been asayin' lately, He's allers assayin' or adoin' somethin'. (Pity his good old father couldn't atook him along when he went to heaven, for it begins to look dubious 'bout his gettin' there himself.) Then they begun to talk about our Lord himself, a tryin' to prove that he was nothin' more'n an orful good man, an' that all we had to do was to foller him by as near as we could without puttin' ourselves out too much, an' we'd bring up all right. Jest then that little snip of a feller that's a readin' law with old Judge Lashee come in, an' he out with a paper, an' seemed tickled to death with sumthin' in it. (I was asettin kinder benind a pile o' flour sacks an they didn't see me.) Seems 'twas a lecter by this ere Ingersoll, an' he went to readin' on't out loud, an' Rachel! I never in all o' my nateral life heerd such talk agin God himself and everything good. I stood it as long as I could, an' then, like Christians allyin' from the city o' destruction, I jest put my fingers in my ears an' started out o' that store, an' if Luke Jones is agoin' to low enny sich blasphemy read out in his store, you wont ketch me a tradin' there; not ef I hev to go to the Falls for every pound o' tea or paper o' saleratis. Now, mother, what do you think o' sich talk, an' o' this man? They say wherever he goes to lecter, the halls is chuck full, and even church members goes to hear him."

"Well, Nathan, sech talk don't scare me none; you've heard dogs a barkin' at the moon, haint you? and the moon goes on arollin' in the sky jest as if there wasn't no sech things as dogs. For hundreds of years men hez been a railin' agin the Bible. But it jest keeps a movin' on like the sun in the heavens a givin' light to world. Its been translated inter 250 different languidges, an' more people a studyin' on it every Sunday, an' every day, than ever was a'fore; more a livin' by its preceps an' a dyin' trusting it its promises, as the years go by. You needn't wurry none about the Bible. God Almighty I'll take of it, as He allers hes done; as fer this ere wonderful man a goin' over the land from Dan to Bersheby, a liften up his voice agin the Almighty, why he's a clear proof of the truth 'o scripter, he's all pictered out in Paul's pistle to Jude, where it says there shall be mockers in the last times, speakin' evil 'o things they don't understand, denyin' the only Lord God, as our Lord Jesus Christ, and many shall foller their pernicious ways, an' the way of truth shall be evil spoken of. But the Lord keeps his eys on 'em, an' tho he's orful patient and long-suffering, yet the eir time'll come an' the place'll be ready; "blackness o' darkness't the Bible calls it, an' the name fits them who opened their lives tryin' to keep folks seein' the light o' the world. When we re been to Sunday school this year back a studyin' all about the 'Postle Paul, how he lived, an' suffered' an' preached Christ, an' how he said along toward the last, 'I know in whom I have believed.' I've thought a sight o' this ere Ingersoll, and how the time'll surely come when he'll have to say, 'I know who I've been blaspheming,' and I'm dretful 'fraid 'twill be too late for him to repent."

"Well, mother, I guess you're about right. Fair as the earth the gospel stands, an' as you say, the Lord'll take care on't. But what do you think o' church members in good and regler standin' an' goin' to sech lecters? It seems kinder encouragin' Satan, don't it?"

"Of course it does, Nathan. An' them's the kind o' professors that do more harm than out 'n out sinners. It Peter had a' kep away from th' fire where his Master's enemies was a' warmin' themselves, he wouldn't a'been so likely to deny him. I tell you, father, we allers ought to be a lookin' out, or keepin' near our Savior, for the very fust thing we know, Nathan, we're follorin' far off, an' then its only another step backards or sideways an' we are right in amongst the enemies; but I read a piece in my paper the other day that I was dreedful well pleesed with. 'Twas 'bout a London lecturer, Bradlaugh, I b'leeve they called him; he's jest sech another infidel as this Ingersoll. There was a big hall o' people, mostly workin' folks, an' poor at that. Well, when the man got through with his big swellin' words aginst everything good an' holy, he dared anybody to ainser him. Nobody moved for a spell, but finally a poor woman riz out o'her seat an' marched for ard to the platform. She had a Bible in her hand, an' she up an' told him how she'd bin left a widder with a lot o' little children, an' how she trusted in the Lord, an' beleeved the promises, an' what a site o' comfort the Bible had bin to her thro' all her troubles. Now, says she, if I've got to give this up, (aholdin' up the Bible) what hev yer got to gin me in the place on't? The man he didn't seem to know what to say, he hemmed an' he hawed an' finally he stammered out somethin' 'bout not wantin' to take away her comfort. But she jest pinned him down an't last he hed to say, he hedn't nothin' to gin her, 'n the people cheered an' hurraued. an' old satin got his dues for once—though 'twas by a perfessor bein' in its wrong place. An' of all the men who talk agin the Bible, I never heard o' one who had anything to swap for it."

That's so, Rachel; an' folks do know how much they vally it till they here it spoke again'. I remember when we was to Chautauquay that summer, what I heerd a Methodist preecher from Chicago say—Hatfield, I heered they called him—he said that he'd known folks say that christians couldn't stand persecution nowa-days, but says he, 'they haven't been tried yet; but let 'em be put to the test; gin up Christ or die—an' there ain't trees enough in this foeest, (the speaker's stand was right in the woods) to furnish stakes for the martyrs."

"That makes me think, father, of old Father Thompson at the quarterly meeting over to the center, he'd been a talken' 'bout how precious the Bible was an' he took up one and held it agin his heart and said this verse as near 'as I can remember:

Should all the poems that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art.
I'd call them vanity and lies
And bind this gospel to my heart.

Now you know I ain't no Methodist, being brought up Congregational on ther prayin' Presbyterian—but as true as you live I came near sayin' amen right out loud. An' now its pretty near bed time, let's get the blessed book and read and get on our knees and thank God that heaven and earth shall pass away but Thy word shall never pass away."

A Singular Custom.

In the British House of Commons all the members keep their hats on, and it is even irregular to address the Speaker uncovered. This rule gave rise to an amusing scene the other night. Mr. Courtney attempted to address the chair on a point of order. To do so in accordance with the rules it was necessary that he should speak seated and covered; but at the critical moment he was unable to find his hat, and on addressing the speaker uncovered was met with laughter and loud cries of "Order!" Mr. Courtney then borrowed a hat from a member sitting near, and stated his point.

There Shall Be No Alps.

When Napoleon talked of invading Italy one of his officers said: "But, sire, remember the Alps." To an ordinary man these would have seemed simply insurmountable, but Napoleon responded eagerly: "There shall be no Alps." So the famous Simplon pass was made. Disease, like a mountain, stands in the way of fame, fortune and honor to many who by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" might be healed and so the mountain would disappear. It is specific for all blood, chronic lung and liver diseases, such as consumption [which is scrofula of the lungs], pimples, blotches, eruptions, tumors, swellings, fever-sores and kindred complaints.

A Campaign Secret Given Away.

In the campaign of 1884, the two candidates for governor in a "pivotal" Western state arranged for a series of joint discussions. Both men were popular, both of fine appearance and were so well matched in mental force and as orators that the contest between them promised to be a magnificent one. For several weeks the scales balanced evenly.

But one day the brilliant Republican candidate came up ailing. He seemed overcome and spoke laboredly. The next day he was even less effective. Later he was compelled to ask his opponent for a postponement of certain appointments, which was granted. Before the campaign ended he had abandoned the field altogether.

Meantime the Democratic candidate continued his canvass, seeming to grow stronger, cheerier and more effective with each succeeding week. He was elected. One evening in December while entertaining several gentlemen, he said:

"I will tell you a campaign secret—which gave me the election. With the opening of my campaign I began caring for my liver. I knew that a torpid and disordered liver meant dullness and possible sickness. I took something every day. When my opponent began failing I knew his trouble to be his liver and felt like prescribing for him, but feared if I did so he might beat me! I grew stronger as the campaign progressed, often making two speeches a day. Even my voice, to my surprised, did not fail me once. All because Warner's safe cure kept me in A 1 trim." Ex Gov. Jacob, of Kentucky, also made a campaign tour under precisely similar circumstances, and says he kept up under the exhausting strain by use of the same means.—*Rochester Union.*

Facts About Grant.

Throughout the war he never received a wound.

His favorite book as a boy, was "Charles O'Malley."

His mother died over a year ago. His father has been dead several years.

One of his requests was that he should be allowed to sit up and not die in bed.

He leaves two sisters—Mrs. Cramer and Mrs. Curtis—who live in Jersey City.

His last public speech was at Ocean Grove a year ago before the Christian commission.

He always disliked doctors and resented their attentions as much as possible to the last.

He leaves three sons and one daughter—Fred, Buck, Jesse and Nellie, all married—and eight grandchildren.

He never drank to excess, but was fond of an occasional drink of good liquor, and brandy was his favorite beverage.

His mother was an enthusiastic Methodist and believed in personal holiness and the nearness of the second coming.

Gen. Grant's most intimate friend was George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, whose house he made his home whenever in Philadelphia.

Among the portraits in George W. Childs's office is one of Gen. Grant and the Emperor of China, taken seated together and arm in arm.

As far back as February last he wrote to Mr. Childs that whenever he took a drink of water it felt "as if hot lead was going down his throat."

Until given over to the government al the souvenirs of his European trip were at the office of George W. Childs, to whose custody he confided them.

The two great ovations of his life received by Gen. Grant were those tendered in Philadelphia before he started upon his trip around the world and upon his return.

The husband of Nellie Grant Sartoris, his daughter, is an Englishman, an only son, and a nephew of Fanny Kemble, the actress, who became Mrs. Pierre Butler of Philadelphia.

When a boy, if he ever went beyond a place he never retraced his footsteps, but took a roundabout tour to reach the destination some other way. He often said he attributed his success to a resolution taken in youth to "never turn back" in any undertaking.

Gen. Grant smoked his last cigar on the 20th of November, 1884. In a letter to a friend mentioning the circumstances he said he had smoked many thousands of cigars, and they had been his greatest comfort through the last years of the war on the battle-field.

Why Illinoisans Are Called "Suckers."

For a number of years after the opening of the lead mines at Galena, Ill., the majority of the miners, who lived in the southern part of the state and in the settlements on the Mississippi, were in the habit of going to their homes in the fall and returning to the mines in the spring. One day, in the autumn of 1826, an old Missourian, who was watching a number of Illinois miners go on board a southern-bound boat at the Galena wharf, asked them where they were going. They replied: "We are going down home." "Why," said he, "you put me in mind of the suckers; they come up the river in the spring and in the fall they go down again." He had reference to a fresh water fish of the carp family, which has the habit mentioned. The nickname of "sucker" was at once applied to Illinoisans and has stuck to them ever since. In the spring the miners, who had remained at the mines during the winter, would say when the shoals of suckers were seen ascending the river: "In a few days we shall see the real suckers coming up the river."

Beautiful Hayti.

The people are called together by beat of drum, usually at midnight. The ceremony begins by administering oaths enjoining secresy. Dancing then commences, the excitement being supplemented by copious libations of rum, till one or more of the wretches fall down in a fit, when the spirit of Voudoux is supposed to enter into them. These orgies generally last three days, but often much longer. On the first night the priest sacrifices a cock at the altar, the blood being drank warm. Dancing then recommences, and the orgies go on till the individuals are incapable of further exertions. On the third night the orgies continue, when a little child is brought in; the child's throat is cut by the priest, the blood handed round and drank warm; the body is then cut up and eaten raw, that which is not disposed of being salted for further use.—*Sport and Travel, by Capt. Kennedy.*

Alcohol on the Muscle and Brain.

We put a drop of alcohol in a man's eye. It poisons it. We try it upon the lining of a living stomach. Again it poisons it. We study, after death, the stomachs of drinking men, and find alcohol produces in regular stages redness, intense congestion, morbid secretions, deeper hurt, destruction of parts, utter ruin. We study its influence upon the health and strength of sailors and soldiers, and find it helps to freeze them in the tropics. We watch two regiments on a long march in India, one with and the other without grog, and are driven to the conclusion that even moderate quantities of alcohol weaken the muscles and break the endurance. We visit the training grounds of oarsmen, pedestrians, and prize fighters, and learn everywhere the same lesson—alcohol is a poison to muscle and brain.—*Dio Lewis.*

Where is Columbus's Body?

An attempt is about to be made to settle the vexed question as to whether the bones of Columbus rest in Cuba or San Domingo. In 1877 it was announced that the people of San Domingo had discovered that the bones supposed to be those of Columbus, which had been conveyed to Havanna with great pomp, were spurious bones and that the genuine bones still lay in Dominican soil. With the view of testing this point in dispute, the government of San Domingo has invited a large number of savants to attend an international congress, which will open in the capital of that republic on September 10 next. The government will submit to the judgment of this congress its proofs that San Domingo possesses the only real bones of Columbus in existence.

—Pure blood is absolutely necessary in order to enjoy perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and strengthens the system.

The Camp Fire.

Chat Around the Fire.

John Bomgardner, Amboy, Kan.:

I do not want any better paper than the BLADE, and I do not see how a soldier that is true to his colors could get along without it. I was a member of the 47th Illinois infantry for three years, and have not seen one of the 47th boys since I came west seven years ago, but I should like to hear from them through the CAMP FIRE. There is lots of land here for poor soldiers, and I would like to have some of the 47th soldiers come out here an settle in this neighborhood. I have 320 acres, but went

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, such as the squaring of the circle, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Each must ask a question, and the answer to one it. If we can answer it, and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer by mail. The question bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle petty disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has a right to demand a reply. As all matter for this department passes through the hands of one man, he is the best judge of what shall and what shall not be answered. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention unless the first and third rules above are strictly complied with.

F. T., Wool, Ill.:
Was Grover Cleveland in the army during the rebellion?
No.

Reader, Coal Harbor, D. T.:
Are there any hospitals for poor invalids maintained by the United States or any individual state?
Every city of any considerable size has one or more hospitals maintained or supported in whole or in part by the state, and some by the city or county. County officials can give you information.

Reader, Frankfort, Mich.:
If a married man is living in Michigan owns property and deeds it to his wife and her children, and the wife dies leaving children, can the husband hold the property while he lives?
Certainly, unless the time is specified when the fee is to take place.

J. N. G., Cherryvale, Kan.:
Please give history of the Cobden club, of England.
It is a club composed of free traders, to spread free trade doctrines, and make free trade converts. It is called the Cobden club in honor of Richard Cobden, the English statesman, who succeeded in securing the passage of the corn laws, more commonly regarded as the importation of corn. He died in 1865.

E., Tawas:
Please inform me what state offers the best inducements for a widow to buy a farm with small capital?
It is difficult to say. Probably the cheapest improved farms can be purchased in the South —Tennessee, Alabama or Georgia. Wild lands in Texas and Florida. There are cheap lands in Kansas and Nebraska as well. The trouble is to find them. Take advantage of sheriff's sales to secure cheap property. The sheriff always advertises.

M. H. P., Mark, Ia.:
1. Who entered the nolle prosequi in the case of Jeff. Davis before the circuit court at Richmond, in 1868? 2. What number of slaves got their freedom under Lincoln's proclamation? 3. Did the owners of slaves receive pay from any source for their slaves? 4. Was slavery abolished in eight states before the civil war?
1. Davis was included in the general amnesty of December 25, 1868, and the district attorney entered a nolle prosequi on the case. 2. The census of 1860 showed 4,441,830 colored persons, and 3,953,760 slaves. 3. I think not.

Reader, Laurel, Ia.:
1. Where is the United States army? 2. Can a person join it anywhere? 3. What must a person do to join?
1. Scattered around. 2. Yes, whenever recruits are needed. There are recruiting offices in nearly all large cities. 3. Pass an examination in regard to health and qualifications. The pay of private soldiers runs from $13 a month and rations for first two years, to $21 a month and rations after twenty years' service.

D. E. A., (no postoffice):
1. What kind of fuel do Esquimaux use? 2. Is there an asylum for the insane at Charlotte, Va.? 3. What articles and types would be necessary for job printing with a self-inking press; size of chase, 8x10 inches, and the probable cost of press and appliances?
1. Those supplied with coal from Omenek, one of the colonies of North Greenland; firewood is imported by Danish traders, the Danish government having a monopoly of the trade. 2. The Eastern asylum is at Staunton, Va. 3. Write to some type foundry for information.

Reader, Blountsville, Ind.:
1. How is Alaska governed, and where is the seat of government? 2. Is it true that a spring vacation is one of the Southern prisons?
1. It has a district government, the governor being appointed by the President. The capital is Sitka. The clerk of the district court is made ex-officio recorder of deeds for the district; also recorder of deeds, mortgages and mining claims, and register of wills. There is a United States marshal and district attorney, and four counties in Oregon and Washington are declared to be laws of Alaska, when not in conflict with those of the United States. The marshal acts as surveyor general, the clerk as receiver of public money, and the district attorney as register of the land office. 2. Yes, at Andersonville, McElroy's "Andersonville" tells all about it. Send to the BLADE for a copy. See BLADE premium list in another column.

Sub., Edgerton, Kan.:
A set of men claiming to be in the employ of the government are making a series of observations in this part of the state, extending westward. Towers are erected on elevated points, some fifteen miles apart, and the observers remain on the towers for a time in place. Can you tell us the nature and object of these observations?
It is the geodetic survey of the United States. It differs from ordinary surveying in its measurements, being constantly referred to the spherical surface upon which they are made, and reduced to the same horizontal level. Corrections are made for the curvature of the earth in computing the value of trigonometrical observations, and the calculus of probabilities is applied to resolve their discrepancies. Its object may even be the determination of the exact figure and dimensions of the earth, which is accomplished by the aid of extended series of astronomical observations made in connection with the most exact measuring instruments.

The BLADE receives on an average, a dozen letters from every month about appointments to West Point and Annapolis. The questions have been answered so often in this department that they are becoming monotonous. There is no such thing as "getting a West Point or Annapolis cadetship." The number is limited to 312. When there is a vacancy in any congressional district, the member of Congress gives notice through the local papers. Send names of prospective applicants, who must be between 17 and 22 years of age, at least five feet in height, free from infirmity, and able to pass a careful examination in various branches of learning. The persons selected by those appointed fail to pass the examination after reaching the academy. The course of instruction requires four years, an the discipline is very strict. Each cadet must bind himself to serve eight years after graduation. The pay of cadets is $540 per year, with no allowance for rations. Appointments to the naval academy are made in the same way. The age limit is between 14 to 15 years, and the number of appointments is limited to 25 each year. They receive the same pay as cadets. Graduates who receive no appointments get an honorable discharge, with one year's sea pay.

Sub., Adamsville, Utah:
Describe the female statue at Munich, known as Bavaria.
Externally, the figure bears a German aspect. A long folding garment reaches from the middle to the ankles. Around the waist is a broad girdle with a clasp in front. A scarf is thrown in folds across the back. The brow is adorned with sprigs of oak; in the left hand, which is raised, she holds a wreath of oak; and in the right, which is lowered towards the beard, a sword; at her side reposes the Bavarian lion, the guardian of her kingdom, in a sitting att tude. The statue is 65 feet high, the pedestal being 30, so that the whole monument has a height of 95 feet. The statue was cast from the bronze of Turkish and Russian guns captured by the Bavarians; it is very remarkable. Through the back part of the pedestal a door leads to a stone staircase, consisting of 60 steps. The figure itself is hollow, and resembles a tube, which is 3 feet 3 inches in diameter, of cast iron. A staircase of cast iron, of 58 steps, leads through the neck up into the head, where there are two sofas, and several openings for the entrance of light and air. The mouth was formerly the head there is the following inscription: "This colossal figure, erected by Louis I., King of Bavaria, was designed and modelled by Ludwig Schwanthaler, and cast by Ferdinand Miller. In the years 1844 to 1850, by Ferdinand Miller." The head contains standing room for 31 persons. The whole figure consists of seven pieces, and the finger, of five. The monument was formally uncovered amidst great rejoicings, on the 7th of August, 1850.

Old Bachelor, Chewtown, Pa.:
I would like to know for what reasons the different countries (not states) grant divorces.
The Leeds *Mercury* recently published the following: Statistics: The first wife must be divorced, not sold, as the others may be. She then may claim the first, third and fifth child, and the alternate children are yielded to the husband. Arctic Regions: The man dies, or else he leaves the house in anger and does not return for several days. The wife understands the hint, packs her clothes and leaves. Tartars—The husband is the absolute partner and sells a wife to another when it pleases him, and the wife may do the same. If she be ill-treated she complains to the magistrate, who, attended by the principal people, accompanies her to the husband's house and formal divorce. Chinese—Divorces are allowed in all cases of criminality, mutual dislikes, jealousy, incompatibility of temper, or too much loquacity on the part of the wife. The husband can not sell his wife until she leaves him by action of the law of desertion. A son is bound to divorce his wife if she displeases his parents. Jews—In ordinary cases the Jews hold a discretionary power of divorcing their wives. Javans—If the wife be dissatisfied she can obtain a divorce by paying a certain sum. Thibetans—Divorces are seldom allowed, unless with the consent of both parties—neither of whom can afterward be remarried. Moors—If the wife does not become a mother of a boy, she may be divorced with the consent of the tribe, and she can marry again. Abyssinians—Are the only form of marriage is contract. The connection may be dissolved and renewed as often as the parties think proper. Siberians—If the man be dissatisfied with the most trifling acts of his wife he tears her hair until she yields. This ill-usage constitutes a divorce. Coreans—The husband can divorce his wife and leave her the charge of establishing the children; if she proves unfaithful he can put her to death. Druse and Turkoman—Among these people, if a wife asks her husband's permission to go out, and if he says "go," the wedding tie is dissolved, and she is divorced. Though both parties desire it, they can not live together without being remarried. Cochin Chinese—If the parties choose to separate they break a pair of chop-sticks or a copper coin in the presence of witnesses, by which action the union is dissolved. The husband must restore to the wife the property he borrowed, to her prior to her marriage. American Indians—Among some tribes the pieces of sticks given to the witnesses of the marriage are burnt as a sign of divorce. Usually new connections are formed without the old ones being dissolved. A man never divorces his wife if she has borne him sons.

E. S., Decatur, Iowa:
Would the land commissioner answer my letter if I addressed one to him, asking about the location of lands?
Certainly. Or write to the register of any land office in the state or territory where the lands are situated.

Reader, Oxford, Ia.:
Will you please tell where to write to get information of public lands in Dakota?
Write to the register of the land office at Mitchell, Watertown, Fargo, Yankton, Bismarck, Deadwood, Grand Forks, Aberdeen, Huron, or Devil's Lake.

Sub., Columbus, O.:
Where can I get a book containing the constitutions of all nations on earth?
Do not believe there is any such book published. "The Statesman's Year Book" is a statistical annual of the states of the civilized world. It can be ordered through Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O. The price, we think, is $3.

J. M., Albany, Ind.:
1. When does Delaware and Texas hold their state elections? 2. When does the lezislature of Delaware and Colorado meet? 3. What are the ports of entry and delivery, respectively, of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Michigan?
1. November 2, 1886. 2. Delaware, first Tuesday in January, 1887; Colorado, first Wednesday in January, 1887. 3. Ohio, Toledo, Sandusky and Cleveland. Illinois, Chicago, which is also the port of entry for Indiana. Michigan, Fort Huron, Grand Haven and Detroit.

B. F. A., Kenesaw, Neb.:
1. Was George B. McClellan court-martialed after the seven days' fight before Richmond? 2. Did McClellan ever say to his generals at any time during the seven days' fight, or after the fight, that if the rebels made certain movements that he would have to surrender his army to them?
1. No. He was censured by the secretary of war, however, directed to turn over his command to Gen. Burnside, and report by letter from Trenton, N. J., and this ended his active participation in the war. 2. He telegraphed to the secretary of war that (as the secretary) seemed determined to sacrifice his army, and he (McClellan) should not be held responsible for defeat. He employed almost the same language in writing to Pres. Lincoln.

J. J., Wellston, O.:
Was Gil. Bargar, the big Democrat, sometime called captain, captain of Co. G, 123d O. V. I.?
Yes. He tendered his resignation just before the battle of Cedar Creek. He was dishonorably discharged from the service, on the following report made by Col. Ball: "A leave of absence for Capt. Gilbert H. Bargar had arrived on the evening of the 18th, and was given him on the morning of the 19th, without my imagining he would leave the field. But he almost immediately, without my observing it, left his company and went to Winchester. Before his leave expired, an order honorably discharging him from the service on the tender of his resignation, was received, and I am unable to notice his conduct on the 19th save in this manner." In 1865 Col. Ball was finally induced to modify his charges, and the result was that Bargar received an honorable discharge.

S. B. F., (no postoffice):
Give a sketch of the life of Gov. Allen Trimble, of Ohio.
He was born in Augusta county, Va., November 24, 1783. His father, Capt. James, emigrated in 1784 to Lexington, Ky., and died there in October, 1804. Allen then settled in Highland county, O., where he was elected one of the county recorders in 1806; commanded a mounted regiment under Harrison in 1812-13; state representative in 1815; state senator in 1817-26, and speaker in 1819-26; acting governor of Ohio in 1822-23, governor in 1826-30; president of the first state board of agriculture, 1846-48. While governor he urged the improvement and extension of the common school system; the encouragement of manufacturing companies, and the amelioration of the penitentiary system. He died at Hillsborough, O., February 2, 1870.

Sub., Fairview, N. M.:
1. What was the highest premium paid on gold during war time? 2. Were greenbacks a legal tender during said time? 3. When, by whom, or by what authority did they lose their legal-tender character?
1. In July, 1864, it was quoted at 285; in August, same year, it was quoted at 261¾. 2. Not in payment of duties on imports and interest on United States bonds. When the issue of legal-tender notes commenced, all private money obligations became dischargable in such notes, except those which, by their terms, were payable in coin only. 3. At the December term of the United States Supreme court. In 1869—Hepburn vs. Griswold being accidentally Democratic—a decision was rendered that the action of Congress was unconstitutional. In March, 1870—the court then being Republican—the decision was reversed, and greenbacks again made legal-tender.

A. J. L., Cross Lanes, W. Va.:
1. Give an account of the formation of the state of West Virginia. 2. Who was the first governor of West Virginia? 3. What gave rise to the expression "Simon Pure?"
1. In consequence of the passage of the ordinance of secession by Virginia in 1861, the people of the western section of the state took measures for the organization of a new state government. In this section slavery never had a strong foothold. There was a long-standing political jealousy towards the people of the remote mountains of Virginia, and a large majority of the people were friends of the national cause. In 1861 a constitution was framed, in 1862 it was accepted by the people and by Congress, and in 1863 West Virginia began her existence as a new state. 2. Arthur I. Bowman was governor from 1861 to 1869. 3. The name of a Pennsylvania Quaker in Mrs. Centlievre's comedy, "A Bold Stroke for a Wife."

N. A. P., Blood, Ky.:
1. Give a sketch of the Black Hole prison and the sufferings of those confined there. 2. Describe the Condor and his habits.
1. It was a small close dubbroom in Fort William, Calcutta, in which on the capture of Calcutta by Surajah Dowlah, June 20, 1756, the British garrison, consisting of 146 men, under the command of Mr. Howell, were locked up for the night. It was a strongly barred room, eighteen feet square. There were only two windows, both opening toward the west, whence under the best of circumstances but little air could enter, which was further obstructed by the projecting veranda outside, and thick iron bars within. At the same time conflagrations raging in different parts of the fort gave the atmosphere an unusual oppressiveness. In a short time the suffering was intense. Thirst and the foul and stifling air became terrible, and in a few hours several had died. Only 23 survived till morning, when they were released. Among those was Mr. Howell. He published a narrative of the event in the "Annual Register" for 1758. The black hole is now used as a warehouse, and an obelisk 50 feet high, erected in memory of the victims, stands before the gate. 2. In his work on ornithus, which includes two species, both peculiar to the American continent, the bill is moderate, covered for about one-third of its length with a soft cere, and arched, decurved and sharp tip; the nostrils are large and exposed in the middle of the cere, and in the male furnished with a caruncle; the wings are long and pointed, with the third and fourth quills equal and longest; the tail is moderate in length, even at the end; the tarsi are plumed below the knee, and covered with small reticulated scales; the toes are moderate and united by a slight membrane; the claws are strong and slightly curved; the head, neck, and front of the breast are bare of feathers, and covered with a red, dry, and wrinkled skin, with a few short, stiff, sable-colored hairs. On the summit of the head, in the male only, is a fleshy or cartilaginous crest, extending over the posterior part of the beak, and sloped anteriorly so as not to cover the nostrils; this crest, unlike that of the gallinaceous birds, is hard, with very few vessels, and incapable of inflation. The head is flat; the beak whitish at the tip, and brownish at the base. The rough skin of the head and neck is formed into folds, somewhat as in the turkey, which may be swelled out at pleasure; these wrinkles arise from the habit of contracting its neck within the collar. The naked skin is separated from the feathered body by a collar of fine and white silken down; this collar is found in the adults of both sexes. The general color of the plumage is brownish black; the primaries are black; the secondaries are nearly half white, so that, in the males, especially, the wing is adorned with a white spot, which has led some naturalists into the erroneous belief that the dack is white, from the appearance of this color when the bird is overhead, below the observer. The feathers are not so thick on the under surface of the body, but those of the thighs are long. The only noise it makes is a hiss like that of a goose. The average length of the male, from the point of the beak to the end of the tail, is not more than 3½ feet, and the spread of the wings from nine to ten feet; some individuals, from favorable circumstances, have an extent of wings of twelve or thirteen feet. A full-grown male from the most celebrated locality on the Andes, now in Vassar college, has a stretch of nine feet. Humboldt never found one to measure over nine feet, and the largest specimen seen by Darwin was 8½ feet from tip to tip. An old male in the zoological gardens of London measures eleven feet. The true condor belongs exclusively to the chain of the Andes, from the straits of Magellan to a few degrees north of the equator. Condors generally live in pairs, in the most elevated and solitary localities; from these they descend into the valleys and plains in search of food, generally the carcasses of large animals. Their ordinary habitat is between the altitudes 10,000 and 16,000 feet. The largest seem to make their home around the volcano of Cayamo, which stands exactly on the equator. In the rainy season they frequently descend to the coast, where they may be seen roosting on trees. They are most commonly seen around vertical cliffs, where their nests are, and where cattle are most likely to fall. Great numbers frequent Antisana, where there is an extensive cattle estate. When gorged with food, they retire to their lodges to digest it. As summer approaches, they seek the most inaccessible crags to rear their young; the female makes no nest, but deposits two white eggs, about four inches long, upon the bare rock, placing a few sticks around them. Incubation occupies about seven weeks, ending in April or May. The young are scarcely covered with a dirty-white down, and they are not able to fly for nearly two years. They are as clumsy as goslings until they nearly equal in size a full-grown bird. The white frill at the base of the neck, and the white feathers in the wings, do not appear until the second plumage, or until after the first general moulting, at about which time they lie in the caves and are fed by their elders for at least six months. Previous to this the frill is of a deep gray color and the wing feathers brown. The claws of the condor are nearly straight, and it prefers alighting on the ground to perching in trees. They often hunt in pairs, and two will not hesitate to attack the largest animals, pursuing them, and tearing them with beak and talons until they expire. When satiated and unable to mount, the Indians pursue and capture them with ease. To rise from the ground it must run for some distance; then it flaps its wings three or four times, and ascends at a low angle until it reaches a considerable elevation, when it seems to make a few leisurely strokes, as if to ease its wings, after which it literally sails upon the air. In walking, the wings trail on the ground, and the head takes a crouching position; it has a very awkward, almost painful gait. From its inability to rise without running, a narrow pen is sufficient to imprison it. In captivity it will eat almost anything but pork and cooked meat; a single condor of moderate size has been known to eat in one week a calf, a sheep, and a dog. In confinement they are mischievous and ferocious; they are very hard to kill, from the difficulty of penetrating their thick plumage, and they appear to have more tenacity of life than any other birds of prey.

W. H. A., Piqua, Kan., asks for a descriptive letter from Central Washington territory. Will some reader of the BLADE accommodate him?

Reader, Suttering, Minn.:
Please give me the address of the *Scientific American*.
New York city, N. Y.

W. H. M., Sylvania, Ind.:
Please tell me the best way to build an icehouse, and the best way to put up ice.
The walls of ice-houses should be double, or treble, being altogether as much as four feet in thickness, having hollow spaces between them filled with sawdust, to render them non-conductors. The blocks of ice are also covered with sawdust, a layer being placed between each tier of blocks.

J. B. B., Robertsville, O.:
1. Please inform me where the following can be obtained and price of each: Memorial in Congress and Eulogy on the death of Lincoln; Congressional Record of last Congress. 2. Where are these lines found, and who is the author:

"Do not fear; heaven is as near,"
He said, "by water as by land."

1. Ask your member of Congress to obtain them for you, or write to the public printer, Washington. Do not know the price. 2. Do not know.

C. B., Logan, Kan.:
1. What is the annual cost of the standing army and navy of Great Britain? 2. Also of the United States? 3. What are the annual expenditures of the United States, excepting payments on the public debt?
1. Army, £15,604,400; navy, £10,752,800. 2. The expenditures for the army in 1884 were $28,439,603.36; for the navy, $17,292,601.44. 3. Total net ordinary expenditures in 1884, excluding interest, $244,126,244.33; for pensions, $55,429,228.06.

A. G., York, Neb.:
The question was asked some time ago to give something in reference to government claims, especially homesteads. If you will give me some idea of what you would like to know, perhaps I can give you some information, as I am quite well acquainted with a beautiful and very productive region of country in Western Nebraska.
The demand was for a descriptive letter—nature of the country, yield of crops, kind of timber, market facilities, etc., etc.—not a rose-colored picture, but plain facts.

Traveler, Knoxville, Ill.:
1. Please give me a sure cure for stuttering. 2. How old ought a young man to be before he enters into society? 3. Does Grover Cleveland use profane language? 4. How long have the nasty letters been going on?
1. There is no sure cure, and in some cases no cure at all. Different causes produce stuttering, or stammering, and the treatment to be pursued depends in a great measure on the cause. Consult a good physician. 2. Eighteen or twenty, if he knows how to behave himself. 3. Do not know; ask him. 4. About 25 years.

D. M. C., Dudley, Wis.:
Please describe the tower of Pisa.
The leaning tower of Pisa is cylindrical in form, 179 feet in height and 50 feet in diameter, and is divided into eight stories, each having an outside gallery projecting seven feet. It was begun in 1174 by Bonanus, of Pisa, and William of Inspruck. The summit is reached by 330 steps. The tower leans about thirteen feet from the perpendicular. This was manifest before the tower was completed, and was guarded against by extra braces and an adaptation of the stone in the highest portion. There are seven bells on the top, the largest of which weighs 1,200 pounds, and are so placed as to counteract by gravity the leaning of the tower.

Schoolboy, Downs, Ill.:
Please give a sketch of the life of Col. William Washington.
Born in Stafford county, Va., Feb. 28, 1752; died in Charleston, S. C., March 6, 1810. He was the son of Bailey Washington, and was educated for the military, but entered the Continental army with the rank of captain. He took part in the battle of Long Branch, Trenton and Princeton, and afterward commanded a troop of light horse in South Carolina. For his conduct in the battle of Cowpens he received a silver medal from Congress. He was captured at Eutaw Springs (1781) and kept a prisoner till the close of the war, when he settled in Charleston. In 1798 he was made a member of Gen. Washington's staff, with the rank of brigadier general.

Charlton, Ia.:
How many different alphabets are there, and how many letters in each? 2. Is there not a civil service law which the President ought to recognize in the appointment of officers?
1. Taking both ancient and modern times into account, as many as 400 alphabets have been enumerated, but of these only a few of the set aside slight variations of form, the number does not exceed 50. In spite of the extreme diversity of languages, most alphabets present, in the number, order and even form of the letters, decided evidences of a common origin. It has been disputed whether to the Egyptians, Chaldeans or Phœnicians belongs the honor of having invented the written characters. The common opinion is, however, that we are indebted for them to the Phœnicians. Cadmus is said to have brought the Phœnician alphabet, consisting of 15 letters, into Greece about 1493 B. C. This was subsequently altered and added to, and became the ground of the Roman alphabet, which is now in use over Europe. The English language comprises 26 letters; French, 25; Italian, 20; Spanish, 27; German, 25; Russian, 41; Latin, 23; Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, 22; Greek, 24; Arabic, 28; Persian, 32; Turkish, 33, and Sanscrit, 50. The Chinese have, properly speaking, no alphabet; but they have 214 radical or elementary characters.

S. C., Adams Centre, Wis.:
Please tell me all you can about the Methodist Book Concern.
In 1789, with a borrowed capital of $500, John Dickins open in Philadelphia a book agency for the religious literature of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The design of the church was to superintend the publication and sale of religious books and periodicals, the proceeds of which were to go to the church. In 1804 the business was moved to New York City, and the vacancy made by the death of Mr. Dickins was filled by Ezekiel Cooper. The *Methodist Magazine*, (afterwards the *Methodist Quarterly Review*) appeared in 1816, and ten years later the first number of the *Christian Advocate* was published. Meanwhile the Book Concern had been moved into the building of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and there opened a bookbindery, while the growing importance of the work had obliged the establishment of a similary house in Cincinnati. In 1824 the business was still further enlarged by including printing, and the separation of the Southern Church withdrew considerable property and capital from the concern; but, nevertheless, the profits increased, and in 1836 the Book Concern was authorized to secure the large building on the corner of Broadway and Eleventh street. The New York Book Concern has branch houses at Boston, Buffalo, Pittsburg and San Francisco, while Western Book Concern has branches at Chicago, St. Louis and Atlanta, and there are book depositories in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Detroit, and other principal cities. This enormous establishment sent forth in a single year 1,960,150 books and tracts, with a net profit of $80,580. Reserving whatever sum may be required in the judgment of the Book Committee to prosecute the business of the concern for the ensuing year, the balance is apportioned among the several conferences of the church for the relief of superannuated preachers or the widows and children of deceased members of conference.

Enquirer, Northwest, O.:
1. How is the state senate elected in Ohio? 2. Please tell what a rouble and a franc and the different names of money of foreign money are worth in our money.
1. The following will show how the districts are laid out and the members chosen at the last election:

DIST.	NAME AND POLITICS.	COUNTY.
1st	Caldwell, William—D.	Hamilton
2d	O'Brien, Wm. L.—D.	Hamilton
3d	Pruden, Andrew J.—D.	Hamilton
4th	Elliott, George F.—D.	Butler
5th	Brenner, Simon—D.	Montgomery
6th	Myers, John M.—D.	Clermont
7th	Oren, Jesse N.—R.	Clinton
8th	Reed, Wm. H.—D.	Ross
9th	Gregg, John W.—R.	Pike
10th	Evans, John R.—R.	Gallia
11th	Welch, Calvin S.—D.	Athens
12th	Van Cleaf, Aaron R.—D.	Pickaway
13th	Durflinger, Sylvester W.—R	Madison
14th	Cable, A. Curtis—D.	Miami
15th	Hane, John J.—R.	Marion
16th	Smith, Gilbert—D.	Washington
17th	O'Neil, John—D.	Muskingum
18th	Levering, Allen—D.	Morrow
19th	Crowell, Wm. S.—D.	Coshocton
20th	Hogue, Solomon—R.	Belmont
21st	Lewis, John V.—D.	Clark
22d	Dickinson, John M.—R.	Columbiana
23d	Fasset, Alonso D.—R.	Mahoning
24th	Wolcott, Simon P.—R.	Portage
25th	Williams, A. J.—D.	Cuyahoga
26th	Ely, George H.—R.	Cuyahoga
27th	Loomis, Timothy G.—R.	Medina
28th	Jaegar, Godfrey—D.	Ottawa
29th	Williston, John H.—D.	Crawford
30th	Godfrey, Thomas J.—D.	Mercer
31st	White, Elmer—D.	Defiance
32d	McLyman, Wm. H.—D.	Lucas
33d	Ramey, Orlando B.—D.	Putnam
34d		

2. The value of foreign coins, as fixed by the treasury department, is shown by the following table:

Country.	Monetary Unit.	Standard	Value in U. S. Money.
Austria	Florin	Silver	.89.8
Belgium	Franc	Gold & S.	.19.3
Bolivia	Boliviano	Silver	.79.5
Brazil	Milreis of 1000 reis	Gold	.54.6
British Possessions in N. A.	Dollar	Gold	$1 00
Chili	Peso	Gold & S.	.91.2
Colombia (U. S. of)	Peso	Silver	.79.5
Cuba	Peso	Gold & S.	.93.2
Denmark	Crown	Gold	.26.8
Ecuador	Peso	Silver	.79.5
Egypt	Piaster	Gold	.04.9
France	Franc	Gold & S.	.19.3
Great Britain	Pound sterl'g	Gold	4.86.6½
Greece	Drachma	Gold & S.	.19.3
German Empire	Mark	Gold	.23.8
Hawaiian Islands	Dollar	Gold	1.00
Hayti	Gourde	Gold & S.	.96.5
India	Rupee of 16 annas	Silver	.37.8
Italy	Lira	Gold & S.	.19.3
Japan	Yen	Silver	.83.8
Liberia	Dollar	Gold	1.00
Mexico	Dollar	Silver	.88.4
Netherlands	Florin	Gold & S.	.40.2
Norway	Crown	Gold	.26.8
Peru	Sol	Silver	.79.5
Portugal	Milreis of 1000 reis	Gold	1.08
Russia	Rouble of 100 copecks	Silver	.63.6
Spain	Peseta of 100 centimes	Gold & S.	.19.3
Sweden	Crown	Gold	.26.8
Switzerland	Franc	Gold & S.	.19.3
Tripoli	Mahbub of 20 piasters	Silver	.71.7
Turkey	Piaster	Gold	.04.4
Venezuela	Bolivar	Gold & S.	.19.3

AYER'S
SUGAR
CATHARTIC
COATED
PILLS
CURE

Headache, Nausea, Dizziness, and Drowsiness. They stimulate the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels, to healthy action, assist digestion, and increase the appetite. They combine cathartic, diuretic, and tonic properties of the greatest value, are a purely vegetable compound, and may be taken with perfect safety, either by children or adults. E. L. Thomas, Framingham, Mass., writes: "For a number of years I was subject to violent Headaches, arising from a disordered condition of the stomach and bowels. About a year ago I commenced the use of Ayer's Pills, and have not had a headache since." W. P. Hannah, Gormley P. O., York Co., Ont., writes: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the last thirty years, and can safely say that I have never found their equal as a cathartic medicine. I am never without them in my house." C. D. Moore, Elgin, Ill., writes: "Indigestion, Headache, and Loss of Appetite, had so weakened and debilitated my system, that I was obliged to give up work. After being under the doctor's care for two weeks, without getting any relief, I began taking Ayer's Pills. My appetite and strength returned, and I was soon enabled to resume my work, in perfect health."

Ayer's Pills,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

AN INSANE DOCTOR.

Frightful Struggle for Life With a Madman, Who Finally Cuts His Own Throat.

A shocking tragedy was enacted at Marshfield, Warren county, Ind., Wednesday. Since last April Dr. Orin Aborn, of Marshfield, has been insane. Last week preparations were made to convey him to the state asylum, and he was to have been taken there Wednesday. The doctor heard of the arrangements, and went to Williams port to stop the proceedings. He was taken in charge by Dr. C. R. Boyer, a life time friend, who conveyed him back home, and, to satisfy the family, agreed to stay with them all night. At midnight Dr. Abern got out his case of surgical instruments, ostensibly to show them, but when they were opened he seized one of the sharp two edged knives and started for his wife's room. Suspecting his intentions, she fled from the house when he first got out the instruments. While he was out hunting her, A. B. Crankhite, who was present, went out for assistance, and when Aborn returned to the room only Dr. Boyer remained in the house. Walking up to Boyer, the madman drew the knife across his friend's throat. Boyer then grappled with him, and a death struggle ensued. The knife again descended with vicious force, striking across Boyer's breast and in the back over the shoulders, and under the arm. Boyer is a delicate man, but the knowledge that it was a fight for life gave him superhuman strength, and he finally got hold of the knife with both hands. In the struggle for its possession Aborn turned it about, and the sharp edges gouged Boyer's hands until they were nearly cut in two, compelling him to let go. Aborn then stopped for rest, and Boyer made his escape. By this time the house was soaked with blood. Aborn held possession of the house for some time, though the street was full of men. He finally walked out in the yard, plungad a knife through his own throat and drank a quantity of idoyne. He lived several hours. Boyer was taken to Williamsport in a dying condition.

A Lively Church Quarrel.

Roman Catholic church circles at New Orleans are scandalized by a quarrel that has broken out between Mr. J. J. Healey, sexton of St. Patrick's cemeteries, and the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Allen, which has culminated in an appeal to the archbishop of the diocese and to the courts. Healey accuses the monsignor of a series of unclerical offenses, growing out of the vice of avarice, and proves, by the production of cashed bank checks, that he had paid a fee for permission to erect an enclosure on the sum of $2,000 as a gratuity or bonus. Mgr. Allen accuses Healey of insubordination and impertinence, ordered his removal and appointed Patrick Philbin sexton in his place. Mr. Healey appealed to Archbishop Leray, who gave him written orders to remain in possession. Later Allen, with a squad of police, placed Philbin in charge, refusing to recognize the order of the archbishop. Healey at once appealed to the courts, and the Allen-Philbin party were enjoined from interfering with Healey. Meantime the police are instructed by the mayor that the graveyard is the property of Father Allen, and his order is final. The yards in controversy are among the oldest on Metairie Ridge, and some 50,000 people have been buried there. The controversy is a very unfortunate one to those who expect to die soon, as the rules of the church are very strict in making future happiness dependent upon interment in consecrated grounds.

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"Long John's" Monument.

The Rosehill Cemetery company, of Chicago, has just sold the largest tract of burial ground that was ever purchased by one person in the west, and for which the largest price on record in the west was paid. The purchaser was Mr. Wentworth, a wealthy ex mayor of Chicago, who is familiarly known as "Long John." The price paid was $10,000 cash for 20,000 square feet. The plat is located not far from the entrance, and has a commanding view. Upon this Mr. Wentworth proposes to expend about $60,000, which he will put into a heroic statue of himself upon a mammoth granite pedestal, and which he expects to go down the ages as his monument.

A Nebraska Cyclone.

A terrible cyclone passed down Loup Valley, Nebraska, Wednesday night. It lasted only 20 minutes, and nearly wrecked the town of Ord. Much damage was done to buildings, and all glass exposed to the direction which the storm came from was broken out.

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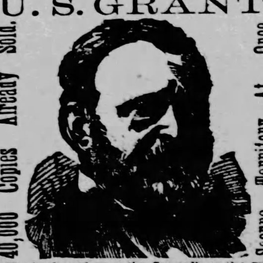
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THURSDAY, AUG. 13.

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A BUSINESS BOOM.

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TO THOSE WHO DO NOT TAKE THE BLADE.

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Take notice of the combinations we make of books and the Waterbury Watch. Any how, examine the paper carefully.

A SERIES of observations on the latitude of Willett's Point, N. Y., shows a progressive lessening. The latitude, as transferred from the old observatory, was 40 degrees, 47 minutes, 21.70 seconds. In 1880, 326 observations gave a mean of 21.59 seconds; 591 in 1881 gave 21.47; 235 in 1882 gave 21.37; 497 in 1883 gave 21.15; 523 in 1884 gave 20.75. This shows a change in latitude of nearly one second in five years. The point now to be settled is whether this represents a progressive change in the axis of the earth or merely errors in observation. The opinion of the astronomer is that the change is real, and that the equator is slowly moving northward. This change, if real, is extremely slow, being only one degree of latitude in about 21,000 years.

THE Virginia Democrats, in their platform, adopted a plank advocating the "complete and unconditional abolition of the internal revenue system." If this resolution should be carried out in our national policy, and the excise on whisky and beer should be abolished, it would take $85,000,000 annually from the national treasury; and in the present condition of our finances, the pensions to the soldiers and the soldiers' widows of the Union army could not be paid. But we doubt if FITZHUGH LEE or the men who nominated him care one whit whether they are paid or not.

IN Holland the number of houses for the sale of drink was no less than 45,000 in 1878, so that in a population of 4,000,000 there was a drink shop for every 90 inhabitants, including women and children. But owing to the exertions of a portion of the community, the legislature passed a restrictive law in 1881, with the result that in the course of one year the drink shops decreased from 45,000 to 33,000.

AUSTRIA, so says a cablegram, has formally notified the United States government that KEILEY is not acceptable as the American minister, and has expressed a hope that he will be recalled and another appointment be made. Mr. CLEVELAND'S acquiescence in blundering BAYARD'S advice in this case has led to this mortifying result. But what will KEILEY do, poor thing?

THERE are uneasy rumors floating about the European capitals. France and Russia are on a most friendly footing, and coincident with this a similar state of things is apparent between Germany and England. The solution of the Central Asia troubles may be found in a general war, which will result in a reconstruction of the map of Europe.

THE GRANT family could not even buy their mourning garments without a list of the articles being published in the papers, the details of which were furnished by the merchant from whom they were purchased. A big advertisement for the house, of course, which explains the outrage.

DAKOTA has now, according to the latest census reports, a population of over 400,000, which shows an increase of 200 per cent. in the last five years. Its people are notably wide-awake, intelligent and enterprising.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE season has been good for the farmers during the past week in nearly all sections of the country. Extensive rains, which have been followed by hot, forcing weather, have closed the drouth which has been prevalent in some parts of the Ohio valley, generally beneficial to the staple growing crops of the North and South, but in the Northwest and East wheat has suffered from severe storms and continuous dampness. The condition of corn, generally, has rarely if ever been reported more favorably. Southern crops have continued in the lead in point of exuberant promise. The grain crops there have made the home stretch, and cotton steadily gains from week to week. The yield, without future mischances, will be largely in excess of all previous crops, and some sanguine statisticians are counting upon 7,500,000 bales or more, while others place it at 6,750,000.

COL. FRED GRANT will in a short time go to Chicago to take charge, as chief engineer, of the construction of the new railway which will enter that city. The Wisconsin Central is nominally the line seeking entrance, but it is believed the Baltimore & Ohio is behind the movement. The latter road at present uses the Illinois Central tracks to get into the city.

AN attempt is being made in the Pennsylvania mining region to enforce the laws against the employment of children at the breakers and in the mines. As usual, the chief difficulty is found in the resistance of the parents of the children so employed.

BUSINESS failures in all parts of the country are growing less, and everything points to a revival of prosperity this fall.

THIS week Parliament will be prorogued and then the two great political parties of Great Britain will bend every energy to preparing for the fall elections, upon which so much depends. The Liberals are extremely anxious to have Mr. GLADSTONE return to active leadership again, but it is now conceded that if the result was to be determined by the same body of voters that called him into power in 1880, the Conservatives would be triumphant, but great calculations are built upon the newly made voters, about 2,000,000 in number, who will probably vote the Liberal ticket.

AT present there seems to be a disturbance in the Conservative Cabinet. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is kicking in the traces as he is very apt to do. Threats have been made by the old Conservatives of a split in the party unless Lord SALISBURY suppresses Lord CHURCHILL and abandons the Parnellite alliance, upon which he insists. He is showing his usual pluck in the fight, but it looks as though he had thoroughly aroused the old Bourbon element of his party, the same which chafed under DISRAELI'S guidance when he forced them to adopt household suffrage, and unless he can persuade Prime Minister SALISBURY and Chancellor of the Exchequer HICKS-BEACH to stand by his Parnellite combination, and adopt the policy of conceding a large measure of local self-government to Ireland, he will have to knuckle under or leave the cabinet. Should he be compelled to retire the Conservative party will follow him speedily, as a return to the old hard Irish policy is impossible. Local self-government is bound to be tried sooner or later in Ireland, and the prospects now are that it will not be put off long.

ONE of the important happenings of the last week to Americans was the memorial service for GRANT in Westminster Abbey. The noble edifice, the Valhalla of the shades of those whom during five centuries Englishmen have delighted to honor, was crowded with the most eminent representatives of the England of to-day. Canon FARRAR delivered the eulogy, one of the most impressive spoken for the dead hero.

IT is now almost, if not quite certain, that the bill for the protection of young girls in Great Britain will pass the House of Parliament and become a law.

ADVICES from Afghanistan are conflicting. The rumor that the Afghans were massing a force near Penjdeh, and that Russian reinforcements had been dispatched thither, is declared to be without foundation. It seems to be true, however, that a heavy Afghan force is collecting for the defense of Herat, and that the work of fortifying the town is being pushed on a great scale.

FRANCE is becoming excited over the general elections which are announced to be held October 4. They are for the purpose of choosing members of the Chamber of Deputies. These elections occur quadrennially, the members of the present Chamber having been chosen in 1881. That body consists of 557 members. They will hereafter be elected by *scrutin de liste*, or by ballots in each department, including the names of all the members to be elected as its representatives. Under the old system members were elected by single districts, as members of Congress are elected in the United States. That system was styled *scrutin d'arrondissement.* The system styled *scrutin de liste* is as if in the United States all the members of Congress from a state were elected on a single ticket.

AMONG the many rumors that are cabled to America from Europe is one that M. DE FREYCINET is suspected of a willingness to plunge France into another war with Germany, in order to save himself from the perils of the general election next October.

THE cholera shadow grows deeper and deeper in Southern Europe. The deaths in Spain numbered thousands all last week, and in Marseilles a cholera panic had fairly set in. Cases had appeared in Paris, and one was reported in Bristol, England, although it is hoped that the latter will not be confirmed. The season is now so far advanced that it is not likely to cross the water this year at least, and in that case we may escape altogether.

CANADA will take a census of her northwest territories with a view to organizing them and giving them a representation in the Dominion parliament.

THERE is talk in England of having the sentence of RIEL commuted to imprisonment, and it is expected that the government will recommend this, fearing trouble among the French Canadians and half-breeds in case his sentence is carried out.

IT is rumored that Mexico is agitated over the English debt question, and there are threats of the secession of several of the states, five of those of the North having been in secret councils upon the matter.

"I AM SO HEART-BROKEN."

We received a letter this week from Iowa, which contains the following sentences:

"I have seven children living. Their father will drink and I am so heart-broken. My trouble is greater than any ever described in print, but I conceal it, as best I can, for the sake of the children."

There is more of it, but this is sufficient.

God help the poor woman! "I am so heart-broken. I have seven children and their father will drink."

Of course she is. It could not be otherwise. She came to the man who is her husband, an innocent girl, full of hope, full of anticipation, full of love, dreading nothing, trusting everything. He was to stand between her and the cold world, she was to do her woman's share and he was to do his man's share, and they were to go down through life down to the valley and shadow, hand in hand, each a help and comfort to the other. She had visions of the home he was to furnish her, of the children that were to be born to them of the labor made pleasure by the anticipations of the good that, through it, was to come to them, and finally, of the peaceful ending when the garnered treasures that well-lived prosperous years had brought would be left as a heritage to those they had reared in honor and usefulness. That's what was in the girl's mind when she stood up in the parlor of her old home and resigned her life into the keeping of the man who had woed and won her.

What has happened to her?

"I have seven children living, and their father will drink. I am so heart-broken."

That is what is the matter. *"Their father will drink, and I am so heart-broken."* That sentence should be repeated over and over again. We would that we could burn it into the very heart of every man in the land: *"I have seven children living, and their father will drink. I am so heart-broken."*

Their father got in the habit of frequenting the miserable corner grocery which the cupidity of the brewer established near him, and the regular thing happened.

He commenced in a light way, he progressed to regular drinking, and then, the appetite once fixed, he came home drunk every night. Possibly he beat the patient, uncomplaining woman, but more likely he came home so sodden he was incapable of that brutality, but simply rolled into bed, and slept the sleep of a drunken beast.

He rose in the morning, incapable of labor, and went, as soon as possible, back to the beer-shop, where he stayed all day. As a matter of course the farm was neglected, the work that was done was done by the woman and the children, and their little earnings were wrested from them to supply the never satisfied demon of drink that had possession of the father. Scant food, rags, cold and hunger followed. The children are not well enough clad to go to church or school, and they are growing up in ignorance, and are being fitted for the penitentiary or gallows.

The mother loves these children, and seeing the inevitable before them, no wonder she writes:

"Their father will drink. I am so heart broken."

She gets up in the morning as tired as she went to bed. She goes to bed to sleep, but she does not sleep. The drunken brute beside her prevents sleep. He has murdered sleep, not for himself, but for his suffering wife. Her pillow is wet with tears. She has in her mind, all the night long, the children, ill-fed, ill-clad, and growing up without proper education, without proper surroundings and without any advantages. There comes before her, visions of her four boys, all sneered at by the neighbors as drunkard's boys, and almost certain to go the way their wretched father has gone; of the three girls, who, ignorant and debased by the example that is always before them, will finally drift off into that current of vice from which there is no return. She knows their fate, and there is no sleep for her. She rises always more tired and more dragged out than when she sought her pillow. No wonder she writes:

"Their father will drink. I am so heart-broken."

What is there in life for her? Nothing or rather worse than nothing. Better for her that she should die and find that peace in the grave that the brewers will never give her in life. She lives only because there is in her mind some sort of a hope that something, she knows not what, may yet save her husband. But the outlook is dreary enough, and, as she says, her troubles are greater than can be described in print. What is there for her? Rags, hunger, cold, desolation, despair, death. Nothing in life for her and worse than nothing for her children when she leaves them. Clothes! She has had none for twenty years. Food! Warmth! She has neither. She has none of the luxuries of life and falls far short of the necessities. There are no carpets on her floors, no curtains to her windows, if indeed she has glass in them; only the barest of the commonest necessities of life. She and her children do not live, they exist. There are good things in life, but they are not for her. There are pleasant surroundings, there are comforts, there are luxuries, but they are not for her. The brewer and his pimple-faced lieutenant, the beer-shop keeper, have a mortgage on her husband's earnings, and even on her's, and they take all the good to themselves. Their houses are well furnished, and why should they not be? Her husband, and the husbands of a score or more like her, are contributing all they have to their use and behoof.

"Their father will drink. I am so heart-broken."

She conceals her trouble from her children as best she can, for should she give up what would become of them? The sodden father, debased beyond help, caring nothing for the woman whom he swore to cherish and protect, caring nothing for the helpless children he brought into the world, chained to a habit which has complete possession of him, is worse than nothing to them. The best thing she can do with him is to keep him out of their sight, and so she is glad when he leaves the wretched home, and sorry when he returns. She is compelled, for the sake of the children, to keep them away from their father, and so she has to carry her own load and his too, his being trebled in weight by the debasing influences that have possession of him. What is there in life for her? A dreary journey day by day, bare footed, over sharp rocks, with the certainty that at the end she shall fall and perish, leaving those she loves behind her, helpless and hopeless.

"Their father will drink. I am so heart-broken."

And all this time the brewer brews, and the seller sells. There is a profit of a $1.50 on each barrel to the brewer, and $9 to the retailer. What care they that the money the poor wretch pays down upon the bar is bread taken from the mouths of children and clothes from their backs? What difference does it make to them that this infernal appetite is not only dragging down the father to death and a hell afterward, but is killing a mother and making thieves of four boys and prostitutes of three girls? What difference does it make to them that the community must in time bury the poor mother, and bear the expense of the criminality of the seven children? Not a whit. There is the brewer's dollar and a half, and the miserable retailer's $9, and the piteous moan

"Their father will drink. I am so heart-broken,"

Has no more effect upon them than would a paper wad against an iron-clad.

Possibly there will a time come when the public conscience will be awakened to the enormity of this crime against humanity. Possibly the time will come when the people will say to the brewer and his tool, "you shall not kill this woman, you shall not destroy, body and soul, these children." Possibly, some time, this heart-broken plaint will be heard, and will rouse men and women to action. There is a day coming when some sort of action will be taken in self-protection. It is not alone the poor woman in Iowa who is uttering this piteous moan. There is the same plaint in the houses of the rich. Cold and hunger cannot reach them, but disease, disgrace and death can. The liquor fiend cares not who his victims are, and its claws reach in all directions. It is as merciless and as greedy as a graveyard—it takes everything that comes to it. Wine at $5 a bottle kills just as certainly as beer at five cents a glass. There are mothers in velvet and satin who moan just the same as the calico-clad woman in Iowa. It is all the same. And they will continue to moan till the decent people unite and take some practical action to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

PROF. E. A. HARTSHORN, of Troy, N. Y., writes to the *Telegram* of that city a letter on the American industrial system, in which he comments favorably upon a public letter of Mr. JOHN T. ROSS, president of the Workingman's Assembly of Troy. He says:

The American people should be aroused upon the all important subject of well paid intelligent labor. In proportion as labor is well or ill paid in our country, the prosperity or adversity of the nation will be hastened.

Pres. Ross wisely asserts that an eight hour law cannot be carried out in one state while in an adjoining state ten or twelve hours constitute a day's work. He also says "Our industrial system includes all such elements as the following: Capitalistic management, wages, labor, private property and industrial freedom." These are indeed very important elements, but there is another element of great importance in our industrial system of which no mention is made. I refer to a tariff or tax upon foreign goods, not for revenue alone, but for the protection of our American labor system.

Without a protective tariff it will be as impossible to maintain high wages in the United States against lower wages in Europe, as to maintain an eight-hour labor system in Massachusetts against a twelve-hour system in Connecticut. Why then are our labor organizations silent upon the great subject of a protective tariff? It is the only system that can shield us from the withering curse of low wages. It is a fatal mistake to suppose lower wages in America will insure more work. The more wages are reduced the less constant will be the employment.

In a country where nine-tenths of the product is sold abroad, low wages will insure more work, because the cheaper goods can be sold more freely to displace goods made in other competing countries. But in the United States, where nine-tenths of our product is sold and consumed at home, the lower the wages paid for labor, the less goods will be consumed; and, therefore, less work will be performed. Therefore there is absolutely nothing but total darkness ahead if we keep on reducing our tariff and cutting down wages in order to keep our industries alive.

But if we can stop this suicidal free trade heresy and declare our allegiance not to Europe but to America, we will soon emerge from our present darkness into the broad sunshine of prosperity and success. Let the tariff reduction of 1883 and its consequent 10 per cent. reduction of wages be restored, and the silent spindles and looms and forges will again be set in motion, activity will again prevail, and labor be in demand. It is the threatened destruction of our magnificent labor system that has brought idleness upon us. Our dull times are not to be charged to our protective industrial system, but to the destruction of the system.

And shall workingmen's assemblies stand idle and do nothing to arrest the progress of this anti-American influence? Shall labor unions remain indifferent to the destructive influences of free foreign trade when protection has done so much for us? Let these organizations arouse themselves. There can be no neutral ground. We must be for or against our country in this great industrial battle.

THE Eastern free traders have attempted to argue that the great development of manufactures in New England has caused a decline in the farming interest, and from this to deduce that the tariff worked to the injury of the farmer. The census figures prove the contrary to be the fact. In the six New England states, the number of farms in 1860 was 183,942; in 1870, 180,649; in 1880, 207,232. The value of the farms in 1860 was $476,273,537, and in 1880 had increased to $583,671,418. Not only was there this great increase, but the quantity and value of the crops had increased at the same time. The free traders should try it again.

THE real grounds of Sec. WHITNEY'S refusal to accept the Dolphin become more apparent as time goes on. The Naval Advisory board, under whose supervision the Dolphin was planned and built, stoutly insists that the boat is all that she should be, both in speed and strength, and that her condemnation results from the ignorance of her examiners. JOHN ROACH has been driven into bankruptcy, and American shipbuilding has received a severe blow as the result of WHITNEY'S action, and British ship builders are jubilant.

WACO, TEX., has a severe non-partisan prohibition fight on hand. One of the leading saloonists has given up the business and gone to dealing in cotton. He says no matter if prohibition is defeated this time, its friends will renew the fight, and that he cannot afford to enter into such a struggle every year and pay his license tax also, the latter being all that he thinks the business will bear.

IT is announced that the "reorganization" of the consular force of the United States will be completed by next January. Special attention will be given the South American ports, and the incumbents will be directed to use every effort to increase our trade with the republics of that continent.

THE historic house at Appomattox Court-house, Va., in which GRANT and LEE signed the terms of surrender of the latter in 1865, has been draped in mourning by the citizens, in token of respect to Gen. GRANT'S memory.

BETTER TIMES.

The outlook for business is hopeful. From every quarter comes a note of confidence, of feeling that the worst of the trade stagnation is over, and that we are on the eve of a considerable revival in all lines of traffic and industry. The renewal of confidence in financial circles is based on the low prices now prevailing, the settlement of the railroad troubles, and the better tone of the stock market, which seems to be growing beyond the influences of manipulation, and settling down on a firm investment basis. Through the manufacturing world there is a feeling that the four years of depression has exhausted the products on hand; machinery and farm implements, and in fact the vast array of manufactured articles that are in the hands of the people are worn out, or nearly so, and a demand for articles to replace these is confidently expected. There is plenty of money lying idle, seeking investment, and all things point to the turn of the tide in business affairs.

The most decided note of confidence comes from the wholesale dry goods trade. Buyers are becoming more confident, and take staple goods readily. There is a feeling that there is not going to be a decided boom, but the inauguration of a fair, legitimate trade, and wise merchants are aiding it by not increasing their prices. One of the partners of the Bigelow Carpet company says "Orders are coming in faster than we can fill them," but continues:

Prices in general remain as they were pretty much. We don't think it wise to raise the price until there are further assurances of a permanent revival. The same symptoms in the market under ordinary circumstances would justify a general rise in prices, but considering the depression through which we have passed we think it best to encourage a demand at present price, and thus help along the revival in trade. The finer goods in our line have improved very much, and in the highest grades the prices are a little higher. Buyers show considerable confidence, and as evidence of this many of them have ordered goods for two or three months ahead. I mention this because it has been quite unusual during the last year or two. Ordering goods for the future is always a good sign of the restoration of confidence.

One of the shrewdest financial men in New York, in speaking of the unsatisfactory state of the iron and steel industry, and the feeling among so many that there will be no revival of business until this becomes prosperous, is of opinion that in this case it will follow a revival in all other lines rather than be its predecessor. The prices of iron and steel do not make themselves, it is the demand that fixes them.

HENRY CLEWS, the banker, says that in July he felt that prices had touched bottom, and that four years of liquidation in values have been sufficient to overcome the evils of the inflation which preceded 1881. As to the short wheat crop, Mr. CLEWS says:

I don't think the short crop of wheat will prove a hindrance to progress. On the contrary, it may turn out to be a benefit. The large crop of wheat last year, instead of being a national blessing, was a national calamity. The surplus production contributed to depress values not alone in this country, but in all countries of Europe. The result was lower prices and less return to the farmers, and their inability to pay profitable rates for transportation was the result.

There seems to be substantial grounds for believing that the tide has turned, and that it is now setting in the direction of brisk times. Let us look forward instead of backward. Now is the time above all others to remember the old proverb, "Who looks not before will find himself behind." If Congress does not destroy this new-born confidence by meddling with our industrial system, 1886 will be a busy year from one end of this broad land to the other.

THE introductory sheets of *Poor's Railroad Manual* for 1885 contain an interesting discussion of the demoralization existing in railway investments. It gives as the chief reason for this the building of West Shore and Nickel Plate lines, and "the wonderful success of signal instances of 'watering' stocks, of which the Pacific lines, the New York Central and the Lake Shore, are striking examples." It declares that the real catastrophe occurred when "waterings" of stock took place. It distinguishes between the West Shore and Nickel Plate schemes—the promoters of the former being men who put up their money in good earnest, under the idea that they were embarking in an honorable and meritorious enterprise, while those of the Nickel Plate built that road upon speculation, and only for the purpose of forcing a sale on the Lake Shore's owners, its securities being issued at the rate of two or three dollars for every dollar of cash paid. It goes on to say regarding this:

No small portion of the 40,000 miles constructed in the five years ending with 1883 were built upon the same plan and with the same object. Whatever their fate, a large number of them became competitors for a business for which ample provisions had already been made by existing lines.

The statistics given are valuable. The railroads in the United States at the close of 1884 measured 125,385 miles, of which 3,973 were built during the preceding year, a gain of 3.17 per cent. The share capital of mileage in operation in 1884 was $3,762,616,686, an increase of $54,555,103 over 1883. The total funded debt was $3,669,115,772, an increase of $168,235,858 (nearly 5 per cent.) over 1883. The gross earnings on all lines as reported were $770,684,903, derived from the following chief sources: From passengers, $206,790,701; from freight, $502 869,910; from mails and express, $53,749,997. The net earnings were $368,106,258, against $293,367,285 for the preceding year, a decrease of 9 per cent. The interest paid was $176,694,802, an increase of a little over three and a half million dollars. The dividends fell off 8.8 per cent., being only $93,244,835.

GEN. SHERIDAN, in his report of his investigations in the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians, says that the main difficulty arises from the leasing of their lands to cattle men, though loud complaints are preferred by the Indians against their agents. The Cheyennes asserted that they had never consented to the leases and had never accepted the rent money, and complained that in consequence of the occupation of their lands by the cattle men their ponies were stolen in large numbers, their small bands of cattle absorbed, their small patches of cultivated ground overrun and destroyed, and their efforts to establish homesteads frustrated. SHERIDAN emphatically condemns the leasing system, and, acting on his report, CLEVELAND has promptly and firmly declined to grant any extension of the time already fixed for the removal of the cattle men from the territory.

THE graves of the parents of Gen. GRANT, in Spring Grove cemetery, Cincinnati, were tastefully draped in mourning on Saturday.

THE COMING SPLIT.

The gradual drift of events since March 4 last has been in the direction of a split between CLEVELAND and his party supporters (including the mugwumps) on the one hand, and the Bourbon masses of the Democratic party on the other. The things that have so far prevented have been, first, that CLEVELAND was sharp enough to recognize that the South placed him in office, and to conciliate that section by a very liberal bestowal of offices on its representatives; second, from the fact that civil service reform will operate in favor of Democrats in that section, as LAMAR recently acknowledged; third, that many of CLEVELAND'S subordinates, from Cabinet officers down, have not carried out his ideas of reform, but have carried out the spoils doctrine so far as they were able; fourth, that the greater portion of the Democratic spoils leaders have not abandoned the hope that CLEVELAND will be compelled to yield to their demands; and, lastly, the spirit of blind obedience which is a characteristic of the rank and file of the Democratic party.

But the first two of these causes do not have any force in the North; as to the third, CLEVELAND is bringing his spoilsmen subordinates to account, and lays down the law that the spirit of his administration is to be carried out by them. The time will soon come when the already privately disgusted leaders will break out in open rebellion to his methods, and the unthinking masses of the party will blindly follow the petty leaders, because they cannot understand CLEVELAND. To them, a change in administrations means a throwing out of every Republican, no matter what may be the merits of the individual office-holders, and the filling of their places with Democrats. Already there is wide-spread, although silent, disaffection in the ranks, and this is spreading daily. The time will soon come when the administration, if it persists in carrying out the policy of reform, will have arrayed against it the bulk of the party, at least in the North, which elevated it to power.

To the acute observer, the evidences multiply that we are to see repeated, in CLEVELAND'S administration, the history of TYLER'S, FILLMORE'S and ANDREW JOHNSON'S administrations. Mr. CLEVELAND sets out to make the administration a personal one, as did these three predecessors. He starts out, practically, to manage affairs according to his individual theories; or, to state the same fact in different phrase, he actually attempts to carry out the promises of a Democratic platform, as if that platform meant what it said, instead of what it really did mean, viz: "We want the offices." It has so far been true in our political history that a purely personal administration by a President, without a strong and co-operating party at his back, has proved an ignominious failure. The three instances cited above are all cases in point.

The trouble, in Mr. CLEVELAND'S case, is not that his methods are wrong, but they are far in advance of the masses of his party. He is a public servant who assumes to be (and who is) wiser than his party. The Democratic party is the conservative element in our politics; it finds its ideals in the past, and turns its face longingly backward, instead of forward along the road of progress and enlightenment. Like the Irishman's pig, "it drives best the other way." It will go with him contentedly if he goes in the backward path—if he bows down at the shrine of JACKSON, and makes the maxim that "to the victors belong the spoils" the theory of his administration. But he will not; and lo! there is a kicking and squealing among the herd, the like of which was not seen since the demonized swine of Gadara rushed down the steep and were drowned in the sea.

True, the Democratic party has progressed; the onward spirit of the nineteenth century has had some effect, even upon its halting and stubborn feet. It has gone forward, but each move since the war has been under protest, and only far enough to enable it to pitch its tents upon a deserted camping-ground of the Republicans, who have gone still farther on in the path of progress and enlightenment. And now comes CLEVELAND, who aims to set the stakes of the Democratic tabernacle on ground which is occupied by the Republicans. The civil service law was passed and put in force under a Republican administration, and its workings and its principles are endorsed by the party in its national councils. It is too far forward. The masses of the Democracy will have none of it. They wish to go back and set up their altars in the Egypt of spoils, and fatten upon the fleshpots of office.

Which will win—CLEVELAND or the spoilsmen Bourbons? Time alone will tell. CLEVELAND'S friends tell the country that he is stubborn—that he will never yield when he has taken a position. There will he stay though all others desert him. Will the party yield? We do not believe it has the intelligence to do so. The leaders in Congress dare not stand by the President if the voters turn from him, and we shall see a repetition of the struggle between the executive and the legislative branches of the government, such as we last had in the Johnsonian era.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

We ask our regular readers, as well as those who see the BLADE for the first time, to read carefully the Publishers' Department, on the fifth page. The books, pictures, scales and watch advertised are all worthy of attention. We handle the goods not for profit, but as an accommodation. Purchasing them in great quantities, we are enabled to furnish them lower than can be elsewhere. We warrant everything to be as represented.

ONLY about 500 Presidential postmasters have been removed so far, and now CLEVELAND has taken a vacation. The baffled spoilsmen rage, and the Bourbons imagine vain things; but GROVER goes on the even tenor of his way, determined, apparently, that his party must learn by patience the fact that he is in earnest in not wanting the offices made the reward of convention-packers and political strikers, whose only qualifications for office are of this doubtful character.

THE statistics gathered by the American Iron and Steel association show that the amount of unsold pig iron on hand on July 1 was 692,916 net tons, an increase in pig iron stocks during the year of nearly 100,000 tons. This is a heavy burden for the furnace men to carry, and until there are signs of an increased demand and better prices for their product the obvious dictates of prudence would seem to suggest that they curtail production to a point more nearly on par with consumption.

OUR SEWING MACHINE ENTERPRISE.

We want it distinctly understood that we are not manufacturing Sewing Machines merely for profit. There are thousands upon thousands of women who have been compelled to do without this most necessary of household implements because an absolutely soulless monopoly has found it to its profit to keep the prices beyond their reach. They have supported an army of sons, brothers, cousins and favorites as "agents," dividing with them profits wrung from poor people. We shall do away with all this. We are making a machine which will be the equal, and we claim the superior, of any in the market, a handsomer machine than any of them, and we shall sell it directly to the people at the cost of production with a fair percentage of profit added. The price, with all the attachments, will not be over $18 and we shall get it below if it is a possible thing. In short we propose to break the monopoly in Sewing Machines. We have built a factory building 40 feet in depth by 200 in length, we are filling it with machinery built by ourselves, and we are having in our employ 200 of the best men in the world, not one of whom use liquor in any form. No liquor is permitted to be sold in or about the factory, and we intend that our men shall own their own homes. This is a practical piece of Reform which the BLADE has inaugurated. And, moreover, just as soon as this enterprise is running fairly well, we shall tackle other things in the same way. We are receiving about 100 applications a day for our descriptive circulars, and shall be ready to ship machines about the first of October, and possibly before.

MR. WARNER'S SILVER IDEA.

Rep. WARNER, of Ohio, has been recently interviewed on his silver scheme. From this it appears that he has become alive to the financial danger that menaces us if we go on, at the rate of $2,000,000 worth of silver a month, with the coinage of 83-cent dollars (the bullion value of the silver dollar is to-day about 82.31 cents.) He therefore favors stopping this compulsory coinage, and advances his plan of silver certificates. The problem is, as he puts it, to establish bimetallism here on a ratio that shall be made adjustable to the market ratio of the world, it being evident that the leading nations of Christendom cannot be brought to agree on a fixed and common ratio. He proposes, then, that any one can deposit silver bullion in the United States treasury, and receive therefor government certificates of deposit, for its value at the market rate of silver at the time of deposit—these certificates to be issued in regular denominations as are bank notes, and to be a legal tender for all dues to the government and between banks, but not between individuals. He says:

The plan proposed would, if carried out, make the ratio at which the two metals (silver and gold) would be used as money, self-adjusting to the market ratio of the world. The *price* of bullion would determine the *quantity* of certificates issued, but their value when issued, as compared with the rest of the money volume, would not vary, and, I think, ought not to. Under unlimited coinage, the quantity of coins, and dollars once coined were always dollars. So, on the proposed plan, the *quantity* of silver bullion brought to the treasury, together with its *market price*, would determine the quantity of certificate dollars that would issue, but once issued they would stand as so many dollars.

The production of silver is constantly in excess of the demand for it for coinage and in the arts. It is, therefore, continually but slowly declining in value. Several months ago the BLADE published an article giving the market price of silver since the close of the fifteenth century. This showed a steady, progressive decline, with a few exceptions due to great wars. In the decade from 1501 to 1520, the ratio of silver to gold was 10.75—that is, one ounce of gold was equal in value to 10.75 ounces of silver. From 1601 to 1620, the ratio was 12.25; from 1701 to 1710, it was 15.17; from 1801 to 1810, it was 15.61; in 1876 it was 17.77; in 1880, 18.06.

There are many who think there will be no material change for years, basing their prediction on the probable exhaustion of the silver mines of the West. Others look for a continuation of this decline. The future alone can tell who is right. If the decline keeps on, Mr. WARNER'S scheme has this serious objection: there would be a difference in value between the face of the certificate and the value of the silver for which it was issued, and this difference would keep on increasing so long as the decline in silver continued. And with the enormous total of certificates which this plan would be certain to bring into our currency, the government would be enormously the loser, as the WARNER plan proposes the redemption of these certificates at the market value of silver at the time of redemption.

The administration has gone trout-fishing, and the bait was carried in sundry black bottles. The country appears to be left to its own devices, while its head goes off on a junket.

The above is from the Democratic press of the country of last summer, and of several previous summers. It applies with exactly as much force at the present time, but we miss its familiar presence in our Democratic exchanges.

THERE is a steady increase in the amount of fire losses in this country, in spite of the efforts of the insurance men to devise a check to this enormous waste of the wealth of the nation. During July, the total value of property destroyed in the United States and Canada was $9,000,000, which is an increase of 33 per cent. over the aggregate for July, 1884.

IT appears that the cholera is taking the same course that it has done before, and will therefore not be likely to reach this country before next year. Its last appearance in the United States was in 1873, when it was brought to the following three places by immigrants: Carthagel O.; Crow River, Minn.; and Yankton, D. T.

THE consumption of spirits in North Germany is very great, and out of a yearly average of 4,450 suicides in Prussia, for five years 508 have been due to dipsomania and delirium tremens.

IT is suggested that the portrait of GRANT be placed on the next postage stamp engraved, and on the national currency. No portraits of living persons are used for these purposes.

IT is announded that the last spike on the Canada Pacific railway will be driven early in October.

NEW YORK is adding about $2,000 a day to the GRANT monument fund. How long will this enthusiasm last, is the question.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Rev. Joseph T. Duryea, of Boston, has declined the presidency of Union college.——The net earnings of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad for the six months ended July 1 were $3,114,928, an increase over the net earnings of the corresponding period of 1884 of $421,011.——An enumeration just taken, shows that Albany, N. Y., has over 96,000 inhabitants, an increase of nearly 6,000 since 1880.——According to the census recently completed in Wisconsin, the population of some of its important towns is as follows: La Crosse, 21,212; Fond du Lac, 12,681; Madison, 12,063; Appleton, 10,907; Janesville, 9,641.——A citizen in Kansas has in his possession the ballot he cast in voting for Gen. Grant in 1868. It was printed on silk, and after it had been kept on file, as the law required, in the office of the clerk, he obtained it, and will hand it down to his children as an heirloom.——A farmer at Salisbury, Md., cut his wheat this season with sheep-shears, threshed it in a cart body, and his wife fanned it in her apron. The yield was three pecks.——At Elsinore, Cal., a new settlement in San Diego county, every voter is a Republican, and it will be necessary to import a Democrat to fill the office of postmaster.——The editor of the Montgomery, (Orange county, N. Y.,) *Standard* believes he has discovered that the Horseshoe falls at Niagara have worn away more than 50 feet in the past thirteen years.——The Lake Superior & Southwestern Railway company, which will build and operate a line from West Superior to Monomonee via St. Croix Falls, has been incorporated in Wisconsin, with a capital stock of $4,000,000.——There are no prospects of an early termination of the civil war in Colombia. The leaders of the insurgents are preparing to unite forces with a view to active operations.——The wheat crop of Minnesota is estimated at 30,000,000 bushels, of Iowa at 27,000,000 bushels, and of Dakota at 22,000,000 bushels. Another authority places the average yield per acre in Dakota at 12 to 13 bushels, and in Minnesota at 11 bushels. The cotton crop in South Carolina promises to be the largest gathered in many years.——During the fiscal year ended June 30, the gross receipts of the Chicago postoffice were $1,032,158,24.——Thomas White, a Montreal journalist, has been installed as minister of the interior for the Dominion. His appointment is said to be the first move toward the reconstruction of the cabinet.——The dory Neptune, in which a Norwegian named Johnson recently sailed, unaccompanied, from Penzance for New York, has been picked up, unoccupied, off Cape Clear.——A three-months-old child at Elmira, N. Y., was poisoned by condensed milk and died.——It is ascertained that the full name of Thurman is Allen Granbery Thurman.——J. T. Gathright has been appointed surveyor of customs for the port of Louisville.——Col. Morrison's health is so poor that he has been advised to abandon Washington and politics for a while and go to the seashore.——Minneapolis millers say there is at present absolutely no market for flour, and the production has been cut down very materially in consequence.——Norman Rowe, of Oswego, N. Y., a justice of the peace, has held the office for more than half a century. He is now 91 years of age.——Com. Schley has been recommanded for extending contracts, an offense for which Paymaster-General Smith was court-martialed.——Dallas, Tex., claims to be the most striking example of growth in the

SAN FRANCISCO CHINESE.

The feeling on the Pacific coast towards the Chinese has been made the subject of the severest animadversions on the part of the East. It was hard to understand why there should be such a determined opposition, amounting to absolute hatred, toward a seemingly quiet, industrious, inoffensive people.

The *Daily Report*, of San Francisco, has lately printed an official report accompanied by a map, of the Board of Supervisors appointed last winter to investigate the condition of the Chinese quarter of that city. If one-half of what is given there as facts be true, the reason for the feeling described above is plainly evident.

"The map and report cover twelve of the most densely populated blocks right in the business heart of the city. Here herd together 31,000 Chinese in a space that would be thickly settled with half that number. Among this 31,000, there are only 60 women married and living with their husbands and children as families, while there are 800 women living as cattle, without any family ties, and 576 women who are professional prostitutes.

These people dwell in a state of filth almost beyond belief, violating every sanitary law, and the only reason in the opinion of the committee why some terrible epidemic does not prevail among them lies in the existence of so many open fireplaces which serve somewhat as ventilators, and in their very simple diet. The report says:

The frequent custom with this people is to have the brick and mortar bench where cooking is carried on, the sink always more or less filthy, and an open, filthy, foul smelling water-closet, all adjoining each other, in the same room, or under the same cover. Frequently a space at the end of this cook-range—for we may call it such—used as a urinal, the only outlet from which is the absorption of and seepage through some earth placed there for that purpose; while the intermingling odors of cooking, sink, water closet and urinal, added to the fumes of opium and tobacco smoke, and the indescribable, unknowable, all-pervading atmosphere of the Chinese quarter, make up a perfume which can neither be imagined nor described. This is no exaggeration, nor is it a fancy sketch. It is one of the common features of life in "Chinatown."

Concerning the prevalence of opium eating the report speaks as follows:

The "opium lay-out" is found in nearly every sleeping-room in Chinatown, and is nearly as common as the tobacco pipe; but these dens are for the general accommodation of those who have no sleeping bunks and conveniences for opium smoking of their own, and who therefore frequent these resorts to indulge in the habit.

The bunks are occupied night and day, and the spectacle of pallid men in a condition of death-stupor, wrapped in the dirty rags which constitute the bedding, may be witnessed in these dens any day at from 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.

The use of opium is so general among the Chinese that no visitor to Chinatown, night or day, can enter many sleeping rooms without finding men indulging in the habit. Nor will the casual traveler have to go far without finding men under every stage of its influence down to the dead stupor such as would seem to furnish fit subjects for the coroner and morgue, rather than as beings to whom life is ever to return.

These things are bad enough but there are worse, the details of which are too sickening to report here. A perusal of the report must convince the most enthusiastic admirer of Chinese cheap labor, that its presence under the existing arrangements is a cancer upon the golden coast.

While reading these things, however, one thing becomes patent: It is that the municipal laws are disobeyed in many ways with impunity. Simply because these people are quiet, they are permitted to violate the city ordinances openly and defiantly, and the officers of the law appear to make no effort to prevent or punish it. At present it would appear as if the Chinese were masters of the situation, and would be until the authorities of the city were clothed with the power and the means to compel a change. Certainly that should be one of the first steps to be taken even while fighting further importations into the state.

SEC. MANNING appears to be organizing a volunteer tariff commission on an extensive scale. He has prepared and is sending out a circular to manufacturers, asking for information, opinions and suggestions on the tariff. His questions are directed mainly to the elemeuts of valuation in an *ad valorem* duty and to the proper specific duty which would be an equivalent, but they are not by any means confined to these points. He asks for facts touching the cost of manufacture, particularly with reference to cost of labor, and for general views. It is quite possible that he may elicit a good deal of valuable information to submit to Congress. Whether that body will act upon it or not, however, is quite another thing. While no doubt MANNING is in earnest in wishing to stop the frauds which are apparently inseparable from a system of *ad valorem* duties, where an importer with an elastic conscience and a "*pro forma*" invoice can evade a large proportion of the duty, yet the conjecture is made that the information he asks will be made use of next winter by the free traders in an effort to place all "raw materials" on the free list. This gang of worshippers at the throne of British manufactures are hopeless of effecting anything in the way of a direct reduction of the tariff, and propose, by agitating the pincing of raw materials on the free list, to get up a division in the protectionist ranks. This action would favor the manufacturers, generally speaking, at the expense of the farmers and producers of raw materials. As part of the free trade howl is crocodile commiseration for these very persons, who are told that they have no advantage whatever from the tariff, this proposed action of the free traders will be highly inconsistent; but what free trade fanatic ever cared for consistency, if he could strike a blow at American manufactures and in favor of British industrial supremacy?

BOYCOTTING is found to be a rule that works both ways in Washington city. The Knights of Labor boycotted liquor dealers who bought beer from a certain brewer, the latter's offense having been the buying of three stoves from a non-union dealer, he employing only union men in his brewery. The liquor dealers have now resolved to boycott all establishments where union men are employed, and from which the saloons and restaurants of the city have heretofore drawn their supplies of liquors, cigars, etc. This is carrying the theory out to its legitimate conclusion, and could the boycotting be successfully done, it would disorganize trade in all its departments. The fact is, however, that people will not be dictated to as to whom they shall or shall not patronize. They will buy where they please, in spite of the edicts of anybody to the contrary.

THE cattle men out on the Indian Reservations are not happy now that Pres. CLEVELAND persists in his refusal to rescind his order to leave their illegal possessions within a given time. They have found that he means what he says.

Correspondence.

The Profits of Middle Men—The Blade Sewing Machine.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I see you are starting out in a field, of which, your movement is as a drop in a bucket, a sea is nearer the exact figure; but it is in the right direction, as are all, or nearly all, things you engage in I am referring to your notice in last week's BLADE concerning your move in the sewing machine manufacturing business. Oh! how many millions of dollars could be saved to people if the manufacturer would, in some way, deal direct with the consumer, and no one would be wronged in the least. Look at the many legitimate vocations, open to all in this mighty nation of ours, besides bumming over the railways, smoking ten-cent cigars, boarding at hotels at a dollar a meal, all of which the consumer must pay, or the manufacturer and the laborer must lose. Why not let the manufacturer have a little more of a living profit, the man who gives his labor to produce the much needed better wages, thereby enabling him to decently keep his family and fairly educate his children, and yet save millions to the consumer. I hope others will follow your footsteps, and engage thus in every branch of industry on the globe. This is a dawning of a long looked-for era, and may God in His infinite mercy prosper you in your philanthropic undertaking to such an extent that you will be compelled to engage the services of all middle men, runners and bummers in the city of Toledo, and may your cry for more men, for book-keepers and packers, be heard all over this broad land of ours, and still the cry go forth, not enough. God bless you. I have no ax to grind, as I have a good sewing machine that will last my wife as long as she will want to use one; but it is a step in the right direction. In fact the BLADE saloon takes steps to be retraced in anything. Now, then, keep on exposing the reforms of the mighty reformers, sharpen afresh the upper and nether millstone of your machinery for pulverizing the rum power, and may the God of the universe lend you thunderbolts to hurl at the demon alcohol, until all engaged in the traffic shall seek and pray for mountains to fall on and forever hide them from your righteous shafts. God speed you in this philanthropic undertaking to benefit the truly worthy of our land. J. W. S.

Butler, Ind.

Barbarity to Young Children.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

In answering the question at the close of the piece entitled Babyhood, I must say that if the story is a true one, I am surprised that such barbarity is still possible. Can it be that a man with reason should make his child the victim of such horrible cruelty? it seems that mother and baby had reason to remember that instrument of torture by which that baby was let be tortured into obedience to the commands of that 30 year old father. A baby is not capable of reasoning, therefore it should be led to do that which is right, and not commanded. It should be restrained from doing wrong, by teaching it what is wrong. A child that has never been outraged by harsh words or blows, is loving and trusting and soon learns to follow your wishes, as it grows to love and respect you. No child can love or respect a parent who strikes it, though it may appear to do so through fear, for deceit and falsehood will be developed in its nature, as well as cruelty and tyranny. I can not express my contempt for the character of that man or woman, who could deliberately strike a baby. I should not expect to find truth or honor in their nature. The soul that does not reverence the pure spirit of a baby has low, brutal instincts, and is capable of any act of cruelty or sin unless checked by their natural cowardice.

A SUBSCRIBER,

Goldendale, Washington Ter.

Prohibition in Kansas.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I noticed in the BLADE of July 2, that C. Lockwood urges, in spite of the extreme measures by prohibitionists and whiskyites, in their zeal to enforce the law, inflicting a wrong on an innocent party. The same thing occurred in this place in the latter part of June, and business men of the town swore out warrants for two poor men who are keeping a small grocery and confectionary stock, and who keep cider and nothing but cider. They swore that these men sold intoxicating liquors. Now it is known by all in town, that those men would not keep the infernal stuff; also, that one of the parties is a strong prohibitionist. It is generally believed here that the prosecuting witnesses wanted to get them involved in order to force a sale of the property, expecting to buy it in at their own price. If these men had failed to prove themselves innocent, they would have been fined $100 on each of five counts and imprisonment for 180 days. Now, I do not think the law is any too severe, but certainly there ought to be a law to protect the innocent against designing scoundrels. It certainly seems to me that the prosecutor ought to be made to give heavy bonds for costs and damages.

I like the plan of the BLADE on Prohibition, but please advocate protection to the innocent. ALFRED NORRIS.

Burton, Kan.

Our Letter from Iowa.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

The report, which your Mr. Curtis made, of the condition of Prohibition in Iowa has been, in the main, good. Mr. Curtis mentioned, as if true, "the custom inaugurated by the Prohibitionists of posting up in public places the names of inebriates or those who frequented saloons and were in the habit of drinking." I was somewhat surprised to learn that the Prohibitionists should be guilty of such folly. I made inquiry concerning this of the leading Prohibitionists of this city, and of the attorneys of the alliance, and I find that the statement is entirely without foundation. I am informed that no such list has ever been made. The saloon men have asked different Prohibitionists to furnish such lists, but they have always been refused. The error probably arose from the fact that suits for damages for selling liquor to persons who are in the habit of becoming intoxicated, have been commenced by the wives of drunkards and others. In these petitions the names of some persons who are in the habit of becoming intoxicated appear, being those to whom illegal sales have been made. A.

Iowa City, Iowa.

A Democratic Subscriber's Opinion.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Politically, I am a Democrat, but a new subscriber to the Weekly BLADE, candor compels me to say that it has few equals, and is surpassed by none as an energetic, reliable and bright family newspaper. I am a regular reader of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, though not a faithful disciple in all its teachings. The old fogy notions of that paper are not conducive to the welfare of the laboring classes. The gibberish nonsense of a silly college dude is more acceptable to the columns of that paper than a sensible article from a laboring man. Those who are ashamed of honest toil and plain clothes should remember that the majority of convicts are not from that class of people.

I am glad to see that the BLADE has marched to the front, and grasped the whisky bull so firmly by the horns.

Harvest is over, wheat almost a failure, oats and grass splendid. Corn looks well, though suffering a little for rain, and the apple crop will be light. O. W.

Perry, Pike County, Ill.

Other Aged Twins.

Mrs. Winifred Woodard and Mrs. Betsy Morris are twins and were 81 years old January 20, 1885. Their address is Springfield, Tenn.

Thomas and Richard Cassingham, La Harpe, Ill., married twins, Margaret and Mary Morris, 56 years ago, all over 80 years of age. When they married it was thought bad luck to marry twins.

Since my residence in Illinois, I have twice heard old settlers, both in eastern and western parts of the state, tell of a family of twelve pairs of twin boys who passed through Illinois on their way from Pennsylvania, many years ago, and who received many presents. Do any of the old settlers of Ohio or Indiana have any recollection of any such a family, or of one even half so large?

Mrs. Martha A. Darnell and Lucinda McKee are the twin aunts of S. H. Bridges, of Greencastle, Ind., and look so much alike that it is difficult to distinguish between them.

Prohibition in Labette County, Kansas.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I have seen many statements in the papers trying to make out that prohibition in Kansas was a failure, but this is a mistake so far as Labette county is concerned. The first week I spent in this county, fifteen years ago, I saw more drunkenness than I have seen in the past year, and the population has greatly increased.

It is said that there is more liquor drank since the law was passed than before. If that is true, the article must be very weak, for there is not near the number of drunken men that there used to be. They say that the law is violated here. So are other laws. Men are murdered, horses stolen and robberies committed here in Kansas in spite of the laws. Send me the BLADE. Do not let me miss a number. J. W. TIBBETS.

Barton, Kan.

The Blade's Course.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I want to say a word in commendation of your course in fighting the liquor question, and the phenomenal circulation that your excellent paper has attained under the blows, you aim at this giant evil of Titanic force. All I can say to you is go on, do not falter. He who doeth all things well will give the friends of law and order the victory, in His own good time. You and I may not live to see the full fruition of our hopes, yet you may approach the borders of the dark river conscious that you have done what you could for God and your fellow-men, and strong in the faith that all will be well with you in the bright hereafter.

E. A. FULLER,

South Boardman, Mich.

Putting Rebels in Office.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I see many items in your paper about the turning of good, loyal citizens out, and putting rebels in office. That is the case in this small town. A woman was turned out of the postoffice, and a gentleman (?) put in who has been known to say that he hoped he might live to see the day when there would be a monument erected to the honor of John Wilkes Booth.

Lazierville, W. Va. S. W. K.

Descriptive Letters from Various Points.

Wright County, Minn.

This county is about 50 miles from the capital, St. Paul; two railways run through it, one on the south side of the county and the other runs in a northwesterly direction on the north side of the county. This town is near the center of the county, about fourteen miles from the railroad. This is a fine healthy country. It has long and severe winters, but they are very dry, and people do not suffer much more than in Ohio and Indiana, while it has the finest and most pleasant summers in America; there are plenty of fine beautiful lakes and plenty of fish in them. We have as fertile a soil as there is in America. Corn, wheat, oats rye, barley, and the finest of vegetable grow here. Price of land improved is about $15 to $20 per acre and there are some few tracts of unimproved land costing from $7 to $10 per acre. There is plenty of good schools and churches in the country. We can raise some apples but no peaches; plenty of strawberries, plums and small fruits. This is a very good country to live in but there are no homestead lands here.

"Mollie," South Pasadena, al.:

Do any of the BLADE's many readers contemplate a trip to Southern California this fall with some of the excursions? if so, come to Los Angeles and Pasadena.

I have lived here nearly two years now, and feel deeply attached to my surroundings; in fact dread to think of the less favored ones away back in the Eastern states, who work on in heat, drouth, rain, snow, year in and out, never thinking there is a land where "Life seems worth living," where labor is more as the wise Creator intended man should work. The days are pleasant, except about two hours of noon, at which time both man and the beasts should rest.

Then, after the day's work is over, comes the cool bracing night, "Nature's sweet restorer," to all weary mortals. Oh, such lovely nights, quite unlike those sweltering nights at the old "home."

Most every one is at the seaside resorts during this month. Here we are fourteen miles from Santa Monica, a famous resort, and only twenty from Long Beach, which now rivals most of the other places, for its bathing facilities, having a long, smooth beach, like walking out on a floor.

But it is impossible to give the readers any idea of the many advantages we have in this

"Land where the lemon tree blooms,
The gold orange grows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of myrtle, laurel and rose."

Mrs. T. D. P., Bledsoe County, Tenn.:

When I see, and hear, of so many of my Northern friends seeking homes for health, and climate, I can't but say, come here. God has made this a lovely land, and surely He calculated it to be inhabited, for the necessaries of man are shown at every footstep, and with good spring water and healthy scale water, pure air, good climate, good soil, what more should we ask? Some will say a railroad. To all those I will say, come and help build one. You that have all these advantages are the ones we need here. You can't do without all the modern improvements, and I think if some of the more energetic men would but come and show how easily a railroad could be built in this lovely mountain, and all the advantages to be derived from the same, it would soon become a second Switzerland. I like the Southern people, and you will find them ever ready to extend the hand of friendship and will help on in every enterprise that is for the good of all.

Bailey, Missouri:

In your weekly of March 5, there was an article describing the country around Bailey, and again in your weekly of May 6 there was another article saying that the former was misleading, but did not say in what point. I have been living here within less than five miles of Bailey over fourteen years, and I see nothing misleading in the first. There was no mistake. This township is not Republican, but the vote is very close and the Republicans are gaining. That should not be misleading to one, also in the second article there are untrue statements. Farm hands get more than $8 or $10 per month. The grass here is all that the article claimed, and more. Now, I will say to any poor man in the East or West, that has a backbone and is not making a good living, we will welcome him here where he can succeed. Now is a good time to come here, for except wheat, crops are very fine. I like your method of fighting the gigantic monster, rum.

White Co., Ark.:

I thought the readers of the BLADE, who are casting around for homes where lands are cheap and climate mild, would be pleased to hear through the columns of the chief organ of the United States of just such a country they are looking for. Many, in consequence of cold winters and high-priced lands, must seek homes in a new country. And should this letter be perused by any such, I assure you the information it contains is gratuitously furnished. Our locality is situated about 200 miles south of St. Louis, near the center of the state in the banner county, and in close proximity to the Boston mountains, and 30 miles north of Little Rock, the capital of the state, and on the main line of the Iron Mountain railroad. The surface of the country is undulating, rising in gentle slopes and ending in beautiful green valleys, which abound in some of the finest springs in the world, cool, delicious, freestone water, which has wonderful medical properties. Tall timber of nearly every known variety, abounds. Streams are swarming with fish of many varieties, and as yet a considerable amount of game is found, such as bear, deer, panther, opossum, raccoon and wild turkey which still afford the hunter recreation, profit and amusement.

The staple productions are cotton, corn, wheat oats, rye, barley, and all the tame grasses do well here. This region is preeminently a fruit region. Never have I seen finer peaches, apples, pears, or plums. It seems to be the home of the strawberry and all the smaller fruits, as well as vegetables.

Many families are living here now who have lived on rented farms in the North and barely made a livelihood. They came to much-abused Arkansas, now have nice homes, and live comfortably. The growing of small fruits and vegetables for the Northern and Southern markets forms quite an important industry in this section; strawberries yielding readily from $200 to $400 net profit per acre; tomatoes, ditto; other fruits give handsome returns when judiciously managed. The lands can be purchased now from $3 to $5 per acre for the unimproved, and from $8 to $20 for the improved, on good terms. Northern enterprise is rapidly filling up this country. No sectional ill-feeling exists, but the "Yank" is welcomed here to the sunny South. Health is exceptionally good, ague, the bugbear of Arkansas, being scarcely known.

Sherman county, Kan.

As a reader of the BLADE, I feel an interest in the descriptive letters, and as an old pioneer in this western country I feel that I might say a few words for our country that would be of interest to those seeking homes in the West.

Sherman county lies in the extreme western part of Kansas, and is bounded on the west by Colorado, on the north by Cheyenne county, which is next to Nebraska. Sherman county has had a few cattle ranches scattered along the creeks, for several years, but the great bulk of fine land has never been settled until the last few months, since when there has been a great number of claims taken up. The surface of the country is gently rolling prairie, without banks or gulches, and is covered with buffalo grass, which surpasses all others in its fattening qualities.

There has been no corn raised here as yet, but the sod crop planted this year bids fair to make good corn, owing to the copious rains which we have enjoyed, and altogether, I think this a a good country to come to for those who are seeking homes. Uncle Sam gives every American citizen, who has declared his intention to become a citizen, 160 acres of land, just for living upon and cultivating it, and as every one has to live somewhere, why not try the West. I would say to those searching for homes that it has been the experience of the old settlers in our sister counties farther east that it is as easy to make a living in the West as the East, where everything is overcrowded. Here no man can say pay your rent, for you are living on your own farm and are your own landlord, and you don't give the profit of your work to some one else—to those that do not work.

Some Brief Letters Concerning Prohibition.

F. Furney, Americus, Kan.:

I have always admired the BLADE, and when taking it before regretted to relinquish it. Your liberal offers induced me to subscribe again. I am assured that you are doing valiant service in the temperance cause, which is in my estimation the most important vital matter before the public. Kansas occupies vantage ground on temperance, and is, I think, determined that no backward step shall be taken. I wish to say here that if any of your readers desire to change their location, Lyons county offers many advantages. We have good health and soil, fruit, abundance of water, fair proportion of timber, excellent schools, and all religious denominations are well represented.

H. P. Pomeroy, Star P. O., Idaho.

I wish to write a few lines to say I am glad to see the stand you have taken in the cause of temperance. If a few more papers had taken the same position last fall Blaine would have been our president now. I rejoice to see how nobly Kansas and Iowa as well as Maine are standing by prohibition and it is one great desire with me, to see prohibition a success all over the United States; to see rum "pulverized" and the road to drink made less attractive. Whisky is everything here. No one can be popular unless he is in with the saloon men. Boys are taught from infancy up that it is manly to be able to drink whisky and swear. It is my prayer that the BLADE may be successful and that the Good Father will cause this evil to be put out of the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

Elisha Erwin, Bourbon, Ind.:

Friend, I would like to ask thee the cause of the wonderful change in public opinion in so short a time. Only a few years ago most of the churches and both political parties passed resolutions against the agitation of American slavery, and closed their doors against the discussion of the question. Now they hang the nation's capitol and state buildings and most of the churches in deep mourning over the death of Gen. Grant, because he helped to free the slaves. Truly the world does move after all. I have watched the struggle for more than eight years and know what has been done.

J. M. Lohr, London, O.:

It is the opinion of many prohibitionists here that you have done a great deal of good for the cause of temperance by the arm hold you have had upon the tail of the serpent, but they think you can do much better for the cause by loosing the hold upon the tail and catching it by the back of the neck. In other words, come straight out for the third party and make your paper the prohibition organ of Ohio and the whole country. By so doing you will strengthen many who are weak.

We believe the plan the BLADE advocates is the most effectual, the most practical, for the attaining of constitutional prohibition in Ohio and other states. What can be attained, even if the third party state ticket were to be elected this fall in Ohio (and no one has any idea that it will)? The legislature is the only body that, under our constitution, can do anything to aid the matter. All other state officials are powerless. We aim to elect a legislature that will submit a prohibitory amendment in 1887.—ED.

Joseph Chase, Victor, Mont.:

While looking over the BLADE I was very much pleased to read the good work that it is doing in the temperance cause. Prohibition is one of the greatest blessings of the age. It is the most sensible plan that can come before the people, and I hope it will make its way to the rocky summits of this country. I have been in the mountain for sixteen years, and have seen the effects of whisky in every form, and I have got to see the first good deed it has done. I have seen the strong hearted miner fall by whisky; I have seen the worst kind of crime committed while under its influence. The saloonist goes unpunished for the crime he is guilty of, and the victim he has induced to commit the crime by his whisky is the one that has to suffer. Some say that we ought to put on a high tariff. The higher the tariff the more crime there is committed and the more there are slain by the poison, for the saloonist will make the stuff himself and sell all he possibly can of it. I extend my wishes for temperance until the demon of drink is driven from our homes and country.

Mrs. S. A. Sinclair, Waterloo, Iowa:

My appreciation of the BLADE leads me to say a few words in its behalf. It is the best and most interesting paper in every respect, that I have ever read, and has such a variety of good, wholesome reading, and is, I am sure, doing much good, not only in the good cause of Temperance, but also has an influence for good in many subjects of worthy one's time and attention. The ladies in their household affairs reap the benefit of its good advice and instruction. It is well adapted to all classes and conditions of people. The BLADE is the cheapest and contains the most good reading of any paper in the world. I would not do without it for three times its cost.

Jacob G. Hill, Jonesboro, Tenn.:

I do hope our banner will be triumphant in 1888. I hope the old BLADE will fight Democracy and Bourbonism, and all isms that are threatening this Union, and the Republican party that saved the Nation. My whole desire is that prohibition may be successful, and all kinds of liquors that cause so many untimely deaths and almost all our troubles, will be abolished.

E. S. H., Erwin, Unicai Co., Tenn.:

Have been reading and working for the BLADE since early in the Garfield campaign, and work more earnestly now on account of its bold stand for prohibition.

The Boss Collar Pad will cure sore withers.

NATURAL GAS.

How and Where it is Found—Its Probable Origin—The Production Continuous—Its Great Advantages as Fuel—Its Value Compared with Coal.

Though natural gas has been common for many years back in the petroleum regions of Pennsylvania, its practical utility and great value as a means of generating heat and power have been but recently recognized. For nearly 30 years a most valuable fuel has been neglected, and now the extreme wastefulness of the production of petroleum is having its parallel in that of natural gas.

The recent study of the phenomena of natural gas has thrown much light on the question of the origin of both gas and oil. The natural gas is shown to be a mixture of more or less complex character, but is essentially composed of the hydro-carbons of the series known in chemistry as paraffines. The most popular theory at the present time of its origin is that it is the production by decomposition of the sea-weeds of the ancient Devonian Sea, which once covered the whole oil and gas bearing territory. But here the geologist and the practical gas man are at variance. The gas operator in locating his well wishes to be as near as possible to a "gas line." The two main gas lines extend in a nearly parallel direction from Washington county, Penn., through the city of Pittsburg to the gas districts of New York.

The geologist continually combats this "line theory." Prof. J. P. Lesley, the chief the State Geological Survey, says: "It is needless to remark that the method of locating an oil or gas well from another must necessarily prove ineffectual, because it imagines the plane of the oil to be in the vertical plane, whereas it spreads horizontally. Since rock oil and gas, in union with salt water, are held by horizontal layers of sand and gravel, and since these layers of sand and gravel were of course deposited in and by running water currents in ancient and probably rather shallow streams, it is clearly useless to attempt to follow their irregular courses underground by surveying straight transit lines across the present surface of the country."

Geologists generally, and I think Prof. Lesley among them, hold that the gas district is a vast basin filled with carbonaceous matter, subjected to great heat, which continually generates gas, and that it would be impossible to sink a well any place within this basin without finding gas, if the well were drilled to the proper depth. To reasoning of this kind the gasman is deaf. His experience has taught him that gas is found in belts or lines, and in belts or lines he will search for it.

All gas and oil sands have a dip toward the south. The gas in the North has a higher geological series than that of the Southern fields. The depth varies from 500 to nearly 2,000 feet. The best gas is always found at a depth of more than 1,000 feet. The gas usually rushes from the well with great force. This immense pressure of hundreds of pounds per square inch is itself a source of power of wonderful extent and economy. It is also a force to aid in the production of the gas itself. The gas itself contains more or less of foreign substances, such as paraffine waxes, or salts of lime or magnesia, which clog the hole and retard the steady flow of the gas. On account of this the well is closed for a short period every day that the accumulated forces of the gas may free the well from impediments. As a considerable quantity of water is thrown out with most wells, the gas as it leaves the well passes through a strong iron tank to collect the water which in winter would freeze in the pipes.

The one main objection to the use of natural gas is the danger from explosions. The enormous pressure of the gas in the distributing pipes is apt to cause leaks, and it is a well-proven fact that air mixed with a certain proportion of natural gas is none other than the dread fire-damp of coal mines. The pressure is partially regulated by valves in the pipes, but great care and the use of strictly first-class piping, is the only remedy for explosions. The explosions are very terrible. I have seen a large substantial brick warehouse leveled to the ground—not a wall three feet high left standing—by a natural gas explosion.

In many of the towns and cities of the natural gas territory it is used almost exclusively for heating purposes—in stoves, grates, boilers, etc. In stoves and grates a mixture of about twelve parts air and one part gas has been found to give the best satisfaction. The air is furnished by an air globe attached to the burner, and the suction of the gas draws in the required amount of air. What a blessing to the man who had to start fires. A stroke of a match, and you have your fire. Mr. Caudle no longer shivers as he hears Mrs. C. informing him that it is time to get up and start the fire, and he suddenly thinks that there is no kindling split, and the thermometer is 10° below zero. It makes a beautiful fire—no dust, no smoke, no ashes, no carrying of coal. In grates it is burned in various ways. Sometimes the grate is arranged and painted in imitation of wood, but it is usually filled with brickbats or sandstone to hold the heat, and the jet is lit and your fire burns. The only loss to man by the use of gas is that he can no longer have the satisfaction of poking the fire. The tongs and poker are of no use now.

But the greatest value of natural gas is for manufacturing purposes, and is destined to revolutionize the manufactories of Pittsburg and vicinity. Not only has it the advantage of being perfectly under control, but its freedom from all impurities makes it preferable to coal. Its absolute purity from sulphur and other similar elements found in coal, and more rapid fusion being possible by its use enables manufacturers to make a much superior grade of plate glass at considerable less cost than by the use of coal. Its powerful reducing action upon metallic oxides at high temperature makes it almost invaluable for the smelting of metals on a large scale. Nearly all the manufacturers of Pittsburg are now using it, and although an absolute substitution for coal is not probable, it is certain that Pittsburg will soon be the "Smoky City" no longer. The consumption of coal, which has been about 3,000,000 tons per year, has already been reduced almost one-half, and will soon be reduced to less than one-third. The ever present cloud that for three generations has hung over the city of manufactures will at length be swept away.

The fact that the use of natural gas will be limited to the district in which it is found, on account of the impossibility of transporting it any considerable distance, together with its cheapness and convenience, will give the manufacturing interests of Pittsburg, great as they already are, a position such as no other city in the world can boast of. The following figures are given on the authority of Mr. J. D. Daugherty in a recent article on the subject:

"The heating capacity of natural gas is variously estimated at from 250 to 400 cubic feet to a bushel of coal. Assuming that 300 feet, burned with the air and in a confined furnace, is the average, we may approximate its value. Within a radius of twenty miles, with Pittsburg as a center, there are 25 wells, with an average output of 3,000,000 cubic feet each per day; 75,000,000 in all, or 22,500,000,000 per year. This would equal 250,000 bushels, or 9,260 tons of coal per day, or 2,776,000 per year.

The cost of drilling a gas well is $3,000, or $75,000 for the 25 wells. To carry the gas to the city, allowing a six-inch pipe to every two wells, and placing the mean distance traveled at fifteen miles, would cost $917,000. The average cost of coal per ton delivered at the fires is $2. The 9,260 tons of coal, the equivalent of this amount of gas per day, would cost $18,520 or $5,556,000 per year. Deducting the cost of the gas we have a saving in gas over coal of $4,557,-240 the first year. The life of a gas well is said to be eleven years. If this supply of gas could be maintained by the addition of new wells for ten years, which is not improbable, it would give a saving of over $50,000,000—figures which are not more surprising to the reader than they are attractive to the Pittsburg manufacturer."

The Amalgamated Association.

An interesting communication was received from ex-Pres. Jarrett, which he requested the convention to give earnest consideration. He makes the following statement: The iron and steel manufactures imported from abroad during the last four years amount to $224,000,000. This is at foreign valuation in our markets. These goods sold for, perhaps $315,000,000. Hence, according to prices in that time, the imported iron and steel represents a loss in wages of fully $222,000,000 to our workingmen. This is called overproduction. The imported goods should be made in this county. Mr. Jarrett explains that the principal item is tin and terne plate. These goods are not manufactured extensively in this country. He urges the convention to use every effort to awaken the workingmen to realize their interests by insisting on high tariff on these goods. This, he argues, would encourage manufactures, and by the creation of new industry, would furnish employment to thousands of men, to whom would be paid over $50,000,000 annually.

A Celebrated Case.

Gov. Pierce, of Dakota, has forwarded 00, Warner W. Bateman, at Cincinnati, $1 on which Bateman accepts in full satisfaction of a judgment rendered against Pierce in Paducah, in 1864, for the value of a mulatto boy and girl he had withheld from the owner, and employed when he was quartermaster at that place. The costs and judgments now amount to over $6,000. The case has been defended for Pierce by the government attorney, but the judgment was kept alive with frequent efforts to collect, and Pierce pays the new instalment to save further annoyance.

Charges of Bribery.

The Indianapolis council appointed a special committee to investigate the truth of statements made by James T. Dowling, a member of that body, affecting the reputation of members of the previous council. Dowling claims that as a representative of the Citizens' street railway company, he bribed members to vote for legislation in the interest of the street car company, and Pres. Jones, of the company, says that Dowling never bribed any one for him or the company, and all the members of the old council implicated deny the charge. The matter has been brought to the attention of the grand jury.

Eddie Belmont, the leading athlete in Van Amburgh's circus, was fatally injured at Medina, N. Y., while attempting to turn a double somersault over a number of horses, etc.

A Domestic Revolution.

The Sewing Machine Oppression.

Something of Interest to Every Family in the Land.

Sewing Machines at Fair Prices

Every reader of the BLADE is asked to read the following carefully:

The middle-man system of doing business is costing the people of the United States millions of dollars annually. A piano, organ, sewing machine, reaper or mower costs the user at least three times what it should, owing to the method by which they are sold. The inventor and manufacturer gets only a fair profit, but there comes in between them and the consumer three parties, all of whom must have their profit, viz: the general agent, the district agent and the canvassing agent, whose percentages run up the cost of the article three to four times what it should be.

This is why a book that costs a dollar to manufacture cannot be sold to the person who wants it for less than $3.50, and the same rule applies to everything.

The Blade Company has watched the course of business in Sewing Machines carefully for years. There is not a woman who uses a Sewing Machine who has not paid at least twice for her Machine that she should. She has not paid the inventor or manufacturer exorbitant profits, but she has paid three middle men extravagant profits.

To remedy this exaction as far as possible, the Blade Company has determined to manufacture a reliable Sewing Machine, and to sell it direct to the user without the intervention of agents or middlemen of any kind or description.

We have secured the patents of the latest and best Sewing Machine, which we consider the best made. It is entirely simple, absolutely reliable, and cannot get out of order or do inferior work. It will sew any kind of material from the thinest muslin to the thickest leather, and possesses features superior to any machine now in use.

The BLADE warrants every one of them, which is a guarantee that ought to be satisfactory to anybody.

This machine we shall manufacture in a style as good as any on the market. The machine will be Nickel-plated, the bearings all of steel, hardened, and the machine ornamented as handsomely as any sold anywhere, by anybody. It will be in all respects a first class machine, not only in appearance, but in actual work.

We shall sell it direct to the people. The rice has not been determined as yet, for we do not know, precisely, the cost of manufacture, but it will be less than half what is exacted for other standard machines.

The only cheap machines that are now on the market are old machines rebuilt, or new ones made on patents that have expired. While all will sew, none of the cheap machines sold are worth having for they do not have the latest improvements. The Blade machine will have all the improvements, and will comprise all the appliances for every variety of work. It will be the most durable, the easiest operated and the most reliable machine made.

The object of this announcement, before we have any machines to ship, is to call the attention of the public to what we shall do, and save those contemplating the purchase of a Sewing Machine the necessity of either paying a high price or being swindled by cheap and imperfect machines.

We shall be ready to ship machines about the first of October. The price will be somewhere from $16 to $18, cash in our counting room before the machine is shipped. We do this for the reason that we will not pay interest, commissions, or have any bad debts to saddle upon honest people who do pay. We shall make the machine as cheaply as possible, to have a good machine, and shall sell it at a small advance upon cost, directly to the user. To do this, the business must be cash, and no commissions to middlemen.

This machine has never been offered in connection with any newspaper offer. It is an entirely new machine, built upon an entirely new idea, which has been tested thoroughly, and well. The BLADE warrants it to be all that is claimed for it.

To properly understand this matter we state that it costs the user of a middle-priced machine $32 to have the machine sold to her.

This we shall save to the people.

The Wheelers, Howes, Singers, and other manufacturers of sewing machines have amassed millions upon millions of dollars each, but with all this they have not brought the price a to point that enables one woman in five to own a machine. We propose to have the other four have machines, and better ones than have ever been placed in the homes of the people. This is our mission in the matter of Sewing Machines.

We have built a factory, 200 feet long, and shall have by the first of September 50 men at work, with the best machinery built by ourselves, and our product will be sold to the people at cost with a reasonable percentage of profit added. No middle man will get a penny—what they have exacted heretofore the people will have the benefit of.

Those contemplating the purchase of Sewing Machines, who approve of this plan, will send us their names. These names will be filed in the order of reception, and, when we are ready, descriptive circulars will be mailed. If, after this, the machine is wanted it will be sent on receipt of the price. Those applying first will receive the descriptive circulars first, and their machines first.

The BLADE will send with each machine a written guarantee, and will take the machine back and refund the money paid if it is not in all respects precisely as represented.

Address, the Blade Sewing Machine, Toledo, Ohio.

Publishers' Column.

TO THOSE WHO WANT TO MAKE A FEW DOLLARS—OUR PORTRAIT OF GEN. GRANT.

The death of Gen. Grant causes a new interest in everything pertaining to the old hero. Our portrait of the great hero is the only one that should be hung up in the houses of the people who admire simple honesty, undeniable patriotism, and absolute greatness. It is from a photograph taken expressly for us, and the one which pleased the old General most. It is beautifully engraved, and splendidly printed upon the best plate paper, and is worthy of a place upon the walls of all art-lovers.

The late commander of the G. A. R., John S. Kountz, pronounces it the best portrait of the dead hero ever made.

It is selling by the thousand everywhere, its excellence and cheapness recommending it.

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There is money in it. Send in at once, and secure exclusive territory. It will sell at sight. Liberal commissions allowed.

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THE BLADE'S PREMIUM LIST.

Books, Pictures and Watches.

We publish five books, as follows:—

"NASBY IN EXILE," the travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Old Price, $3.50.

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"HEALTH AND BEAUTY," by Miss Emily S. Bouton. There is no more valuable book ever written for women and gir

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:
1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper. Write BLADE. DO NOT interline. Write BRIEFLY.

WOMAN'S WORK.

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

XLI.

To be a florist, to work among flowers, to watch the glories which nature is unfolding from day to day in answer to your thought and care, to dwell always, winter and summer, where everything is green-robed and beautiful, would seem to one who knew nothing beyond what appears to the eye, an ideal life, and you might wonder why more women, who are obliged to earn their livelihood, do not turn to this mode in preference to the many others that seem hard and bare and cheerless. The reason has been made plain to me.

Not long since I visited, right here in my own city, the green-houses of a most successful woman florist. She has a large business, built up in the start by the combined efforts of her husband and herself. Then, when prosperity smiled upon them, he passed into the land where flowers bloom continually, leaving her with a family of children to care for, and to look after all the details of what had taxed him to the utmost, even with her efficient help.

I do not propose to linger upon her heroic struggles in the face of her great sorrow, nor describe how, twice since that, she has been buffeted by a wave of misfortune in the shape of destructive fires, but simply to say, for the encouragement of other women, that she is coming forth successful. Of her, I asked the question as to whether she thought, in the light of her experience, the florist's a good business for women.

"Yes," she answered; "if they are willing to work early and late, the greater part of the year, and through the months of April, May and June to know actually no rest. If they can bear to have their sleep broken, to be upon their feet much of the day, and be always watchful, then it is truly a good business."

It was because of the hard work connected with it, that I hesitated to call it an ideal way to earn one's living. And yet there is no possible profession or business, as I have many times said, that does not demand constant effort and self-denial in order to obtain even a fair profit, and when anything promises an independence which is more than a living, it is worth undertaking.

There are now a good many women florists in different parts of the country. In large cities, because of the impossibility of obtaining without an immense outlay, the ground necessary for the purpose, they do not cultivate the plants themselves to any extent, but purchase at wholesale what they need from out-lying nurseries, simply having a room where they keep cut flowers for bouquets and specimen plants that they can supply on order. This does not require any large amount of capital,—enough to insure the rent of the room for six months and to make first purchases.

In the smaller towns and cities, however, it is better to have the green-houses and cultivate your own plants. The demand for cut flowers is not large enough to make a business of itself, but people are more ready to buy for home cultivation. In the spring they want rooted slips for out-of-door growth, and whatever is pretty for this purpose finds a ready sale.

From what has been said before, you can see that to make a good florist you should have good health, a strong, vigorous body that will not rebel at irregularities in the way of sleep, that will regain its vigor after being worn with hard labor, and that will endure varying temperature, since it will be necessary to work in an air at summer heat while you may meet a zero atmosphere outside.

Then you must love flowers, must like to work among them, watch their growth, learn their habits, and answer to their needs. You must take an interest in books upon floriculture, of which there are many valuable ones, and watch the catalogues, of the leading dealers in this country and Europe, in order to keep track of whatever is new in the development of varieties of flowers.

If you have the ground for the purpose and $1,000, you can begin a business which will pay you from the start. Now remember that I do not say but you may commence with a less sum and earn money, working up gradually, but that is the least with which you can make a real business of at once. You must build greenhouses, provide means to heat them, and then they are to be stocked. You need a propagating house, and what is called a cold house, the latter being the one to which the plants are removed after they are rooted.

The cheapest way to heat is by a flue, but that needs constant watchfulness or a destructive fire may result. But the $1,000 I mentioned, will, besides building the two houses of moderate size, also purchase and put in, a steam apparatus, which requires far less attention and is safer. The extra expense will more than be made up in the diminished help you will need to employ.

Put up your building in the summer, and then you will be ready to begin the propagation of plants in the fall. It is better to buy your stock from some reliable florist near your own home, than to send to the large wholesale houses at the East. Go where you can see what you are getting, and can depend upon what is told you. One hundred and fifty dollars will buy a fair stock to begin with.

If you have not a great deal of competition, you will be likely to obtain fair returns the first season. It is needless to say that you must be exceedingly prompt in filling orders, be ready and willing with advice as to taking care of the plants which you sell, and also possess fair taste in the arrangement of flowers for wedding and funeral occasions, the last being now an important part of the florists' duties.

In large cities some specialty in the way of flowers can be cultivated with profit, such as roses, but it would not do in smaller places.

Right here I recall something I recently heard in this connection. Two gardeners near Savannah, Ga., planted out three acres of ground exclusively to rose trees. They chose all the finest varieties and gave the utmost care to the improvement of the different species. This year they sold thousands of the trees, and had more orders than they could fill, and at a price which brought them a fine profit.

I mention this simply as a hint to some woman of what she might do, even if on a small scale. There are other places where those trees would flourish as well, and where a market could easily be found.

The great thing in an enterprise like this, or in the florist's business, is the getting started, and then possessing the soul with patience while working early and late, until the results come. There must sometimes be misfortunes and failures even in a successful business career, and women are very apt to be appalled by these, into giving up their undertakings. Courage and determination are very sure to gain the victory.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Table Cover.—Get a square of gay cretonne—the French is the best. This square must be calculated as to size according to the table to be covered. Take scrym with the open work stripes and cut it lengthwise in strips long enough for each side of the square and wide enough to bring the open-work stripe next to the cretonne and another on the edge. Fill out the corners with black velvet squares or, if you can not do, that, with squares of cretonne. At intervals in the openwork stripes tie in little bunches of gay colored crewels or embroidery silks, cutting them close enough to leave a sort of fluffy knot. The plain stripe or scrym may have a vine embroidered around it. Finish the whole with wide lace into the edge of which is tied a fringe of the crewels, or else use an upholsterer's fringe. You will have a very pretty article.

Do not forget that for the next few weeks or until they are gone, you can get "Fancy Work and House Decoration" for 15 cents of Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.

A New Industry.—I have had so many calls for instructions in the manufacture and use of perforated patterns, I have decided that to do justice to the subject and the ladies that want to learn, my best plan is to write it up as plainly as possible for all of the BLADE family. For making the patterns you want first a large piece of glass, (you can take it out of one of your picture frames,) a lead pencil and some parchment or some good manilla paper, (that that is rather stiff is better.) O yes, and a lamp. Have only one light in the room, and set that not "under a bushel" but under a table. The rest of the folks can knit or visit while you use the light. Now, sit facing the table, just far enough away so that one end of the glass may rest on your lap and the other end on the table; lay the pattern you wish to transfer, on the glass, and with one thickness of the paper over it, you can see it almost as plainly as if it was not covered up. Now, with your pencil trace carefully every line. If the pattern is not very plain, trace with pencil before attempting to transfer. Take from four to six thicknesses of the paper (I have used seven of the manilla and had no trouble,) and pin at the corners so that the pin-holes will not interfere with the pattern, and it is ready.

Next I will tell you of the "machine" used to perforate. For large patterns that have no fine work in them a No. 6 needle; for fine work, 7 or 8; take a soft pine stick I say soft because I got hold of a hard one and couldn't make it work) about three inches long, one-fourth of an inch thick and a little wider; sharpen off at one end and round off the corners; pierce the point with a pin and insert the eye of the needle and set the point of the needle down on a piece of hard wood (a walnut table will do) and tap the upper end of the stick lightly. Lift it up and set down in another place so that the needle will not be driven into the table too far. Continue in this way until not more than one-third of an inch of the needle projects from the handle. This is a tip-top arrangement and I doubt if a better one could be gotten up for making patterns by hand. Now get a half inch board about ten inches wide by fourteen long, and lay a piece of flannel or an old shawl at least four thicknesses on the board, and lay on your papers you have prepared, and with your "perforator" set in a perfectly perpendicular position, commence at one end of the pattern and finish up as you go. If the pattern is large you can make the perforations one-eighth of an inch apart, but if small, make them closer. Be very careful to keep the papers from slipping, for if one would slip the least bit it would spoil the whole pattern. If you can't get parchment, the manilla does very well. I have used some of my patterns a great many times.

Now I suppose you will all think this is a very tedious way of getting patterns, but when you consider the number you are making it is not tedious at all, and you can generally sell the ones you don't want, and after you have worked it a while you will be astonished at the rapidity with which you can do the work. And besides that, the children can make them. Mine are nearly all made by little ones 9 and 12 years old. Now ladies, go to making patterns, and have them ready by the time I come again. If you have patterns in any of your magazines and don't care to tear them out, just pin them on your paper and perforate right through. I have taken a good many patterns from catalogues and other books. One thing you must remember, the most of the catalogue pictures are too compact for embroidery patterns. You can either leave a part out or move the paper a little so that the flowers and leaves are a little further apart. I made a wreath of roses and buds from the roses in a book on rose culture, I had to remodel it, though, as they were too close together. I have an alphabet taken from letters that come in a magazine. Now be careful, if you are going to make letters, to turn the pattern with the wrong side next to you, so that they will be wrong side foremost; then when they are made and you turn them over they will be right.—MARY B.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; d c, double crochet.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; sl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; s d c st, short d c st; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Diamond Lace.—Cast on 18 stitches and knit across plain. 1st row—Make a stitch by placing right-hand needle under left-hand needle and over the thread and throwing the thread over right-hand needle—k 4—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 2—n—o—k 3. 2d row—sl 1—knit rest plain. 3d row—Make stitch as in first row—k 3—o—n—k 1—n—o—k 2—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 3. 4th row—sl 1 knit rest plain. 5th row—Make stitch as before—k 8—o—k 3 tog—o—k 2—n—o—k 5. 6th row—sl 1—knit rest plain. 7th row—k 7—n—o—k 3—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 3. 8th row—sl 1—k 18—n. 9th row—k 5—n—o—k 5—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 2. 10th row—sl 1—k 17—n. 11th row—k 3—n—o—k 7—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 1. 12th row—sl 1—k 16—n. Repeat from the first. Having taken several pretty pretty patterns from the BLADE, I send one of mine. Will some one send directions for making rick-rack trimming and crochet patterns?—AMY.

Will our friends be more careful to be correct in sending their knitting and crocheting patterns? Though the copy is followed closely, complaints often come that something is wrong. It is very provoking to get something partly done and then find that it cannot be finished because the pattern is wrong.—ED.

Bead Chain.—Mrs. J. C. must use small smooth round beads, and string four times the length of chain wanted. Use a whole spool of thread or silk. Crochet a chain of four loops with the beaded thread; join the loops and crochet single stich about half an inch, then continue, but when you throw thread over the needle always take one bead. Make the chain as long as you wish. I will send any reader of the BLADE a sample if addressed with stamped envelope.—JOSEPHINE O. FENWICK, 1756 Second Carondelet ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Correspondence.

JESSIE.

Coming through the shades of night
I saw a cloud of woe,
Which curtained all the stars of light
And spread a cloud which hid from sight
The pale moon's tender glow.

Sorrow doth his vigil keep
With those who sadly grieve;
Oh, friends, why thus in anguish weep?
She is not dead, she is asleep.
To wake with Love's retrieve.

Brightly rose the sun of morn,
I heard a psalm of praise:
"An angel hath to Christ been born,
Upon his seraph brow is worn
The crown of endless days."

Jessie, thou so young and fair,
Hast found a home of light.
May we so live that we may share
The joys that know no sighing there,
Where day is ever bright.

Often, Jessie dear, thy name
Our lips may not express,
But Love's eternal sacred flame
Shall not be dimmed; the tender claim
Shall not be counted less.

—W. S. FRAZIER, LaCrosse, Wis.

A WORD TO MISTRESSES.—After reading your article in the BLADE upon "domestic service," I am constrained to write a few items from my standpoint, and if you think they will do any one any good, you are at liberty to publish them. It cannot be denied that a reform regarding the "hired girl" question should be brought about, but in my opinion it should commence with the "mistresses." If house work was made more attractive, or, rather if the position of "hired girl" was made more desirable by the women of the house, girls would not have the feeling they do in regard to accepting places as servants. It is not that house work in itself is degrading, and so far as talent and brains are concerned I think it requires far more to run a kitchen than to sell tape and buttons, but the position has become undesirable because of the lack of comforts and privileges. Allow me to give a little of my observation. My work is such that it takes me into different families from month to month the year round, and as this hired girl question is one the solving of which has agitated my mind considerably, I have been very observing. I find, as a rule, there is very little attention paid to the comfort of the hired girl. Her room is generally the most undesirable in the house, the hottest in summer and coldest in winter, and is frequently utterly devoid of everything but the bare necessities. For instance, one of the finest houses in this city, where every other room was filled with luxurious furniture and everything that money could buy, the girl's room contained a bed, stand and chair, a floor bare of carpets, four bare walls and window devoid of curtain, and no means of warming it in cold weather. Was this a very restful place for a girl to go, after a day of hard labor? It looks to me as if the only idea was to get the greatest possible amount of work, in a given time, for the least possible return.

If ladies who hire would see to it that their girls' rooms were comfortable and attractive, and girls were made to feel that some interest was taken in them other than to the amount of work, if they were made to feel they were women and sisters, children of one Father, it would not be long before a better class of girls would apply for places in our kitchens and there would not be so much trouble to find competent help. It lies with the mistress, in a great measure, to work this change.

I have been shocked and surprised to see with what indifference Christian women treat their help. I have a daughter, and if the position of hired girl was what it should be, I would a thousand times rather she did house work for a living than clerk behind a counter exposed to all the temptations that result, but as it exists, my heart would ache for any girl who had been comfortably raised, to take the place hired girls have to fill in most of families. I would that I could appeal to the women of the land to change this state of things.

Make your girl's room attractive; have it well lighted and warmed; provide them with books to read; make them feel they have a home and you will have better and more faithful servants. They will not be so apt to run out nights if it is pleasant at home, and they will take a greater interest in your work, and you will reap a return for all your care and trouble.—A WORKING WOMAN.

CURING SULKY FITS.—I saw a communication from "A Granny" in the BLADE a short time ago in regard to a man who had sulky fits. Now she must not think that he is the only lord of creation who is troubled with a large sense of his own importance and so tried once in a while to make himself felt in the house where his word is law. I have come across a great many afflicted in the same way, and I will give her a recipe that has cured one man to my certain knowledge.

When first married he would get a sulky fit and go around for two weeks at a time without speaking. His wife would cry and ask what was the matter, and do everything she could think of to get his lordship in good humor again. After a while she got tired of crying and telling him she "would do so no more," when she hadn't the slightest idea one time out of ten as to the real cause of his ill humor. So she thought the next time he got mad she would let him get over it whenever he got good and ready. She went around as pleasant as could be, would address remarks to him just as though she did not notice anything out of the way, if he wished to answer her it was all right; if not, she acted as though she never noticed it. Soon the spells began to be farther apart and did not last as long as formerly. First, three or four months would pass without one, then six or seven; after awhile they did not come oftener than once a year. Now several years have passed and he has not had a spell. It is worth trying. If you value your happiness, don't let your husband alone to get over it when he pleases, you will never cure him that way. But be just as pleasant as though nothing was the matter. I know the heart will swell and the tears fill the eyes, but don't let them drop where he will see them. You will find that tears amount to little after a few times, for men do detest a cry baby. If you are quick tempered just stop a minute before you fly all to pieces and ask yourself if a little silence just then will not be the best investment you can make.—A SUBSCRIBER.

AGAINST GIVING PRIZES IN SCHOOL.—In the BLADE dated July 2, "Discouraged Teacher" asks for opinions of experienced teachers on the subject of giving prizes at school. In answer, I was convinced while attending school before I commenced teaching, that giving prizes was wrong, and caused trouble and annoyance enough to more than offset any advantage gained. In eleven years constant teaching in ungraded schools I have never given prizes, and my opinion on the matter is stronger against giving them now than it was eleven years ago.

I will give my plan to prevent whispering: I provide myself with a pencil and piece of paper. Whenever satisfied that I see a pupil whispering I write down the name. At recess I read the names of those I have seen whispering and require them to remain in and study for a certain length of time. The length of time they are required to remain and study depends upon how well they study, usually from 5 to 20 minutes. Of course each pupil's name is taken every time they whisper, and with persistent violators of the rule it might be necessary to extend the time of punishment beyond the time specified above.

This plan, if well followed, I believe will come as near preventing whispering as any plan that can be proposed.

The entire prevention of whispering in a school of any size is simply an impossibility. —TWILIGHT.

IN FAVOR OF SCHOOL PRIZES.—As I saw a request in your last number that some experienced teacher would give their opinion in regard to rewards in school, I will say that I have always favored the practice of offering prizes and rewards in my schools; and an experience of 28 years in teaching has firmly convinced me of their utility. I know that some teachers are opposed to this system, but, to such I would say: For what does the farmer toil early and late, through sunshine and storm, except to gain the reward of his labor, in the abundant harvest? For what does the miner dig and delve, with unremitting toil among the mountains and in the valleys, except for the hope of the reward which he may receive in the possession of the shining golden ore? And so on through all the avocations of life. The Bible itself furnishes a striking proof of the propriety of rewards, as to all who will is offered the reward of eternal life at the end of the race. Man must have some hope of reward to incite him to action. And men and women are but "children of larger growth." The laws of mind that govern the one govern the other. Then, by all means, I would advise the use of rewards in schools. True it is, the attainment of a good education would be a sufficient reward for all the effort the child may put forth. But can you make children understand this? No. They must have some reward that is nearer, for which they must not wait so long. Let them know that every day they will receive some token of reward, and nearly all will pleasantly and willingly strive for it. For a number of years I have used "Merwin's Aids to School Discipline," of St. Louis, Mo., with much success.—MRS. E. ODNEAL, Half Rock, Mo.

Inquiries.

I would like directions to mix a good yellow or light brown paint, for an out door porch floor, the amount, color, etc., for about three quarts of paint, as the ready mixed paints soon look spotted and wear off. I would be pleased for any hints or directions through the HOUSEHOLD, for a pretty way of making flower beds, any new or fancy style. Also any advice as to the prettiest way to lay out a lawn and to decorate the same.—MRS. L. P.

The wood work in my kitchen is of pine, unpainted. I am anxious to have the doors and windows grained in imitation of maple wood. As there is no one living near that can do it for me, I will doubtless be called upon to do it myself, and should like to ask through the friendly columns of the BLADE some advice in regard to it. Will some one of experience come to the rescue, and tell me what colors to buy, whether it would be better to mix them myself or not, if so, what are the ingredients and proportions, what tools are used, and where can they be bought? Have no doubt but I can make a first class job of it if I have all my questions answered perfectly.—ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

Will some one please give directions for making fringe, suitable for a knitted bedspread, and is it necessary to fringe it all around? And also give a good recipe for making light corn-bread.—MOLLIE EDWARDS.

Will some reader of the BLADE give a remedy for sore eyes? A mattery substance forms in them towards evening. I can see as well as I ever did except when this matter gets in them. They have been this way for about six months.—SCHOOL GIRL.

I was interested in trying the "Fern Lace" pattern in July 9 paper, and am sure there is some error. Knitting first row by directions leaves one too many stitches. Also taking off only seven stitches at last row leaves several more than the original 16 we start with. Should be very glad to have errors corrected. — MRS. D. A. HARTLEY.

I wish to correspond with some one who wants a good home for two or three children.—MRS. E. P. SINCLAIR, Waterloo, Iowa.

Can any one of the HOUSEHOLD tell me through the BLADE how to make a school bag, material to be used, etc.?—EVA E. BROGAN.

Can some one tell me what is the matter with my canary, and what will cure her? Her feathers have all fallen off underneath, and her body is swollen and is almost transparent. She just stands in the bottom of the cage and pants. She is in the cage with the male bird. They mate but she has not laid an egg for two or three years. Will some one respond quickly? I fear I have put off writing too long and my pet will die.—FANNIE HUGHEY, Summit Hill, Ross county, O.

Will some one through the HOUSEHOLD inform me what will exterminate roaches? —MRS. JOSIE CASS, Baldwin, La.

Will the editor of the HOUSEHOLD tell through the BLADE of a good cooking school in Illinois; and also how much it would cost to go a short time?—ADA PARKS, Hunt City, Jasper Co., Ill.

There were cooking classes in Chicago at one time. You might write to the Woman's Exchange, Wabash avenue, Chicago, asking the question. If any one knows about it, please answer through the HOUSEHOLD. —ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

We have received a number of letters during the last few months inquiring as to the reliability of certain firms advertising to teach art work in two or three lessons and then giving steady employment by which considerable sums can be earned weekly. It is utterly useless to make such inquiries as we know nothing of these firms, only there is one thing certain: No kind of art work can be learned in two or three lessons which will be so remunerative. That would be gaining something for nothing which is not the custom in the business world.—ED.

In your issue of the 15th inst., there was an inquiry signed "From one that is in need." Now, they are building a blacksmith shop in this place, and have not as yet engaged any one to work in it. If this man wants a good place to work, let us hear from him at as early a date as possible, as time is precious. Address LOUIS P. SHEAR, Sawsea, Genesee Co., N. Y.

Answer to Mrs. G. W. Collins: The sulphur you put under your chickens' wings is the cause of their dying. I had a flock of eighteen nice Plymouth Rock chicks hatched in May and when they were a few days old noticed they were troubled with lice, and was advised by one of my neighbors to use lard and sulphur mixed, applied under the wings. I tried it and next morning they were all very stupid and a number of them blind and in a day or two half of them were dead and the others did not look as though they could live long, so I caught them and examined them and found that under their wings they were all putrid. I went to work and took soft water, put a few drops of carbolic acid and glycerine in it, and with a small soft cloth washed them well and then after drying them with another soft cloth, dusted with burnt flour. I treated them in that way several times and saved nine out of the eighteen. I have about 300 young chickens and now I use nothing but lard alone to kill the vermin on them, and I use it with good success. I hope this may benefit a good many others. We have taken the BLADE three years; do not feel now as though I could keep house without it. I prize it above all other papers we have ever taken.—MRS. C. E. LEEPER, Sabetha, Kan.

Sheep's tallow, spread on a white cloth and used as a poultice, will cure bed sores. This in answer to an inquiry.—LIZZIE.

I should like to tell "Subscriber" a sure way to get rid of bed bugs. Beat thoroughly together an egg and one ounce of quicksilver. Take a soft brush and rub it on your bedstead in every corner and place that an insect can get. Rub it on the corner of the ticks, around the casings of doors and windows of your room, in the corners of the floor, and in every corner and crevice of the room, and of every piece of furniture in it, that an insect can get, and I will warrent you that you will never see another bed bug in the room as long as it stands. The amount of quicksilver and egg given will answer for the bedstead. You will need the recipe doubled, or more than that, for the entire room. That is the proportion that mixes well—the white of an egg to one ounce of quicksilver.—WISE WITH EXPERIENCE.

If "Subscriber" will wash her bedsteads in a mixture of equal parts of spirits turpentine, kerosene and carbolic acid she will have no more trouble with bugs. This will not spoil the varnish as scalding does, but brightens it, making it look almost new. Apply with a small brush or wing, and do it thoroughly, filling every crevice. I used it three years ago and haven't seen a bug since.—CARRIE L. EVERETT, Spirit Lake, Ia.

I see in the BLADE of July 9 that "M. E. H.," Neville, O., wishes to know where strawberry tomatoes can be procured, etc. The strawberry tomato is a small, rich fruit similar in habit and growth to the common tomato, but very slow to start in spring, but if once seeded will propagate every spring without resowing. They will grow in any climate where the tomato does. We consider them preferable for preserves to any other fruit grown in a new country. They are fit for use when they ripen, and can be kept in a dry cellar all winter by leaving them in the husk which encloses them like the common husk tomato. I think he will find them advertised in any seed catalogue in the East. They are known in the west as ground cherries. If "M. E. H." does not succeed in getting seeds from a seedman, he or any one else can get them by sending stamps for postage to me this fall.—J. E. ROBBINS, Fort Meade, Dakota.

If "Prairie Rose" will send me her address I think I can tell her something about telegraphing, as I am a telegraph operator. —HATTIE E. BOWNE, Thurston, Fairfield Co., Ohio.

Recipes.

Cholera Morbus.—"Mrs. T. J. C." will find no better remedy for cholera morbus, than these "hot drops." The prescription was given me by a physician of 30 years' experience: 1 oz. tincture of cayenne, 1 oz. tincture of opium, 1 oz. tincture of rhubarb, 1 oz. essence of peppermint, 1 oz. spirits of camphor, 2 ozs. chloroform. Put up in an 8 oz. bottle. Dose is from 15 to 30 drops, according to the age, in about a wineglassful of hot water. For a child add sugar. Repeat the dose in 15 minutes. After the second dose give every 15 to 30 minutes, until relieved. After giving first dose prepare mustard draughts for the stomach and bowels and lay on hot, and put the feet in hot water containing mustard. Keep in five minutes, rub dry and put on woolen hose.

For Asiatic Cholera.—As soon as you suspect the nature of the disease, take a teaspoon half-full of spirits of camphor in a little hot water. This prepares the stomach for the treatment to follow. Put one tablespoonful of common salt in a quart basin; add one teaspoonful of ground black pepper and fill the basin with hot water; stir well and pour off one-half which the person must drink, if it is "nasty." It is a powerful emetic. Repeat the dose in 20 or 30 minutes. If cramping begins, bathe or sponge the body in hot mustard water; sponge the body with hot vinegar and apply mustard draughts. After the stomach has evacuated its contents, use the hot drops for cholera morbus. Rub the body, hands and feet vigorously. If the second dose of hot drops does not give decided relief add 10 drops of chloroform to the third dose. This treatment for cholera I saw used during the epidemic of 1852-54, and where death was all around us, and people were panic-stricken, I did not know of a patient under this treatment dying. Nor have I known a case of cholera morbus, bilious or cramp colic that did not yield to the third dose of hot drops. For cholera it is not always necessary to give the second half of the emetic. There is not much danger of these diseases, this summer at least, if people eat as they ought. All fruits should be perfectly ripe, and some of them should be cooked. Avoid new potatoes, green corn, green beans, cucumbers and squashes. Use no veal, and it is just as well to eschew fried chicken. If you must use meats let it be dried or corned beef, bacon, pickled pork, ham and salted fish. In cooking vegetables us an abundance of pepper. If you can get game, it is safe to use it, but the living should be principally bread and butter, cake, pie, oat-meal and rice. Fresh eggs are not bad, but they should be fresh; also, dried fruits, dried and salted meats, cabbage, if raw, and onions, both cooked and raw. Much as is said of the unhealthfulness of pastries, they are greatly to be preferred to vegetable or meat diet, in a cholera season. Ice water, ice cream, and the like are very bad, but cooling drinks should be used. Lemonade, metheglin, and a drink made of tartaric acid, sugar and water, are excellent. They should be cool, but not ice cold.—NEW COMER.

Custard Pies Without Milk.—Break 6 eggs in a quart cup; beat well; add 7 tablespoonfuls of sugar; then fill up the cup with water. Season; stir well. This makes two full pies. Try and report.—MRS. MARY BRICK, Grant City, North Co., Mo.

Apple Jelly.—"Interested" wants a recipe for apple jelly: Take any quantity of good juicy eating apples, pare them and cut out the cores, add about a quart of water to a gallon of apples. Boil until they become soft, drain the whole through a linen sack without squeezing, and add 1 lb. of white sugar to every pint of juice. Boil the sugar and juice together 15 or 20 minutes; then skim until clear; try it in a tumbler of cold water. If it falls to the bottom in a mass it is done; then put in jelly cups; when cool, cover and set away in a cool place.

The pulp will make common jam; to every pound put three-quarters of a pound of sugar; boil until it sets on a plate.—J. S. C.

Our Young Folks.

ETHEL'S ADVICE.

I'm five years old!
A little Dot,
Grandpa says: Indeed I'm not;
That's Baby's name there, crawling on the floor,
While *I* reach half way up this door.

I'm five years old!
Baby, just see
How big I am! Look at me!
It's got to be days an' days an' days, my dear,
'Fore *you* will ever reach up here.

Now I tell you,
For I *know*.
You've got to have lots of things—so!
Whoopin'-cough, and measles, Baby deaf,
An' somethin' makes your face stick out so queer.

An' scarlet fever,
Oh, an' croup,
An' chicken—chicken—no, 'tisn't coop.
Pox, that's it; you must have that, baby dear,
Very hard, 'fore you can reach up here.

An' teeth comin'—
Oh, baby!
That'll be the very worst, maybe,
An' they'll ache an' ache, an' you will squeal.
Then Nursey'll pull 'em out. How'll that feel?

Just *awful*. But then,
To be big, like me,
You must have all these things you see;
But never mind; you can pull folks' hair,
An' tweak whiskers, an' they don't dare

Tweak back; 'cause you are
A baby; see?
Oh, an' when Nursey gives you catnip tea,
You can blow it if you're very quick;
I tried it once when I was sick.

An' I laugh now,
At Nursey's face;
I blew that spoonful in every place
Prezac'ly far as I could blow;
But you'll do it better, Baby dear, I know.

—*Margaret Sidney in Wide Awake.*

PAUL SERGOVITZ'S LONG JOURNEY.

BY BARNET PHILLIPS.

Poor little Paul Sergovitz!

Paul's mother died when he was a baby. He was born a sickly child. Just when he began to walk, a sad accident happened to him. His nurse, an old woman, had taken him to the parade-ground in Odessa to see a review, when a horse belonging to a Cossack soldier having run away, Paul was struck down, and his thigh was broken.

Paul's father, whose name was Paul too, was a great big southern Russian. The little sufferer was carried around for a year or two by his father in his arms, but as Paul grew stronger, his father would perch the boy on his shoulder, and think no more of Paul's weight than had he been a feather.

Maybe it was because Paul's father was very poor that the boy's leg did not receive that care which some great and expensive surgeon might have given it, so the consequence was that as Paul grew, one leg was so much shorter than the other that he went about with a crutch.

Paul's father was a silent man, but he never ceased delighting in Paul's chatter. "He talks for both of us," he would say. Paul was very bright and intelligent, and so his father was proud of his little crippled boy. Even when Paul had grown, his father never seemed to worry about his boy's condition and the trouble he had in walking. "My big, strong legs belong to you, Paul," the father would say, as he would lift up the boy when he was tired. On holidays the father would take long walks, with Paul always on his shoulder, and the two would pass many happy hours together in the country.

There must have been something seriously the matter with Paul, caused by the runaway horse, because he suffered a great deal from pains in his back. Sometimes in their excursions to the country Paul would say; "I tire you, father, and pray lay me on that grassy hillock for just a little while, until you get your breath again," and then Paul's father, suspecting nothing—for the boy never complained—would lay him gently on the ground, making a pillow for him with his coat.

"Now if you are quite, quite rested," Paul would say, "I am ready for another start," for then Paul's pains had passed away.

Paul's father was the clerk of a large firm in Odessa' dealing in grain. Every autumn he made a long journey into the country, buying wheat for his employers, and then little Paul was left alone. This was a period of great distress to the boy, though he was careful never to show it.

There was a lady, the wife of one of the merchants who employed Paul's father, and she interested herself about the boy, who had been left in charge of an old woman who swept out the room where Paul and his father lived.

When Paul was seven years old his father was sent into the country, 200 miles from Odessa, to buy a very large quantity of wheat which belonged to a Russian prince. When Paul's father examined the wheat, he refused to buy it, because it was not as good as the sample the prince had sent to Odessa.

The prince insisted that it was all right, and Paul's father said it was all wrong, when the prince used some very insulting words to the clerk, which the clerk replied to. A lawsuit took place, and the judge decided that Paul's father was in the right. As the clerk was the principal witness, and told a truthful story, the rascality of the prince was fully exposed, and now the prince became his deadly enemy.

The clerk was a fairly well educated man, and Odessa being a sea-port where ships from all parts of Europe came for grain, Paul's father picked up a little French, German and English. Often the captains of these vessels would make the clerk a present of books and papers for little Paul delighted in picture-books. When Paul's father had time he would read the easy parts of the books to Paul, translating them into Russian, for if his little son was suffering, nothing seemed to calm the boy so much as reading to him.

How it happened no one could exactly tell, but once or twice the police came to the room where Paul and his father lived, and looked over all the books. Among the few volumes (there were twenty altogether) there chanced to be one book which the government declared no Russian should read. For having this book, Paul's father was arrested and kept in prison for a month. At the trial it was proved that the leaves of the book had not even been cut, and Paul's father swore that he was ignorant of its contents. Paul's father was released, it is true, but after that his troubles with the Rutsian police and spies never ended.

One day the head of the firm of grain merchants sent for Paul's father, and said that he was very sorry, but the police authorities had warned him that they would give the firm trouble unless the firm dismissed their clerk; and so Paul's father lost his place.

There was now nothing for Paul's father to do, for everybody in Odessa was afraid to give him work. He tried to go away and leave Odessa, taking Paul with him, but the police would not permit it. Now came a trying time for little Paul and his father, for bread was often wanting.

I have no information when Paul's father joined the revolutionists' party in Russia. His friends say he became a Nihilist on account of the harsh treatment he had received. One night when little Paul was asleep with his father he was roughly awakened. He saw some soldiers come into the room, drag his father out of bed, and carry him off. The boy clung to his father, twining his arms around his neck, and begged that he might be taken to prison too.

Ten days afterward Paul learned that his father had been sentenced to exile in middle Siberia for life, and was already on his long weary march, and so Paul was left all alone.

The shock was too great for Paul, and he came very near to death. If the boy had relatives, they never came to help him; but the good lady, the wife of one of the gentlemen in the firm, when Paul could be moved, took him to her own house and had him tenderly nursed. With the consent of the authorities the lady was allowed to do this.

It was a year before Paul had any news of his father, and then a few lines only came, announcing his arrival at a place called Tomsa.

But one idea seemed now to enter Paul's head, and it was that he must go to his father. The lady told him how impossible it was.

"If he had been strong and hearty like other boys," she said, "then, providing the authorities would allow the long journey to Siberia might be undertaken, and even then he would have to have a great deal of money; but, crippled as he was, it was madness to think of it."

Paul seemed to be convinced of the excellence of this argument, but still the idea of his joining his father was always in his mind.

Paul was sent to school, and the lady thought that in time he would forget his father. The lady had not the heart to tell Paul that for some cause or other his father had been sent from Tomsk to a small village away up in the far north Siberia, not far distant from that dreary country where Commander De Long and his comrades died of cold and starvation.

When Paul was ten, once on a holiday the lady sent him on some errand to her husband, who was in his counting-house. Paul took his crutch and hobbled briskly away.

"See," he said to himself, "how fast I can go. Surely there is no lame boy in all Russia who can get over the ground more nimbly than I. If it were not for that pain in my back, which comes on when I go any distance, I should do splendidly. Let me make believe that from our house to the counting-house is the march from Odessa to Tomsk," and Paul hurried.

Paul bore his message to the gentleman, who gave him a small piece of money. Paul put it carefully away, saying, "That will pay for one loaf of bread on the way to father."

Just as he was leaving the counting-house an old clerk met him and put a small package in his hand. Paul opened the package, and in it was an old knife, a brass watch key, and a very much battered silver match safe.

"They were your father's," said the clerk. "I found them two years ago in your father's desk, and have been keeping them for you."

Paul's heart was full. He had recognized all these poor things at once. There was the very knife one of the blades of which he had broken; his poor father had often given him the match safe to play with. Paul thanked the clerk, and said, gleefully: "I will take them to father. The knife, I will have a new blade put in it, the watch key is still good, and the match safe only wants matches in it."

"Take them to your father!" inquired the clerk, astonished.

"Why, yes; Tomsk is not so very far, even for a lame boy like me. Why, I have been only fifteen minutes coming from the upper end of the town to the counting-house," was Paul's answer.

The old clerk said nothing; he could not bear to tell Paul that his father was now a thousand miles and more further away from Tomsk.

Paul was not a moody boy, though engrossed with the one thought of seeking his father. As well as his crippled condition would permit, he played with all the boys and girls in the neighborhood. He was a student, and stood first in his class. His love of books was very great. Once he happened to see a picture of St. Christopher, where the boy Christ is carried across the water by the giant, and the lad took the picture to himself, and prayed to St. Christopher, so that he might be borne once more on his dear father's shoulders, and that courage might come to both of them.

Paul would listen with the most fixed attention to stories of travel, and having heard that one of the greatest of all travelers was lame, that fact seemed to give him new strength, and he felt quite certain that he could reach his father. On the school map Paul had carefully looked up the route. He could shut his eyes and follow place by place the long way from Odessa to Tomsk. If there wolves on the way, what of that? He would sharpen his father's knife and kill them, and then, again, a good solid crutch was by no means a weapon to be despised.

Paul had a grain bag given him, and in that he intended to store his bread. What if the crusts did become stale and hard?—he could moisten them in the running brooks. The peasants on the road would help him with a ride now and then. If he got ill with the pains in his back, he would be certain to find some grass-grown bank where there was plenty of shade, and all he had to do then would be to think of his dear father, just as in the past time, and then he was quite certain to get well again.

Paul waited yet a whole year, arranging his plans. He had saved every kopeck given him, and had a sum which in American money would be worth not quite two dollars.

It was Easter now, and the children all had their holidays, and it was then that Paul had made up his mind to start on his journey.

There was only one sorrow he felt, and that was to to leave the lady who had befriended him. If he told her he was going, she would certainly stop him. So he thought about it a long time, and then hit on this plan. About the middle of Easter it was the lady's birthday, and, some time before, Paul had told her that to celebrate that event he would send her a letter. So he wrote her a letter and gave it to his friend the clerk, begging him to post it to the lady on a certain day, and so that the clerk might not forget it, Paul gave him the money for the postage.

It was just at sunrise when Paul started on his long journey. His sack was half full

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions that we can answer satisfactorily, and on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only. And never do without a with subscription letter. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Information Wanted.

HESSIAN FLY.—I would like to learn through the BLADE what the Hessian fly looks like and its habits generally, if any one knows.—MRS. H. W. CHAMBERLAIN, Necedah, Wis. [The following from the *Rural New Yorker* is a good description: The Hessian fly is a two-winged gnat, something after the pattern of a mosquito, only much smaller, its body being only one tenth of an inch long and its wings expanding a little more than one-fourth inch. It lays eggs in the cavities of the leaves in the fall, and these hatch into small, pale-red maggots, which crawl down the leaf, working their way between it and the main stalk, till they come to a joint, where they locate and never move till they have arrived at a perfect state. They subsist by sucking the juice from the stalk. They come to full size, remain in the wheat plant until warm weather in spring, when they emerge perfect insects, and again lay their eggs on the leaves of the then growing wheat plant, and these again hatch out maggots which work their way down between the leaf and stalk to a joint, where they can be found full-grown, looking more like small flax seels than anything else; when two or more find a habitat near one joint they cause the stalk to break down, and thus ruin the wheat.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THEM?—Will the editor, or some of the many readers of the BLADE, be so kind as to tell me what is the matter with my horses, and also the cause. I have a fine Norman mare seven years old. In August, after she was four years old, her right eye began to swell and run water. It continued for two weeks when it got better, then the left one began the same way. Both continued for about three months; then I could see a bluish or cloudy scum appear around the edges of the lid. By this time first one then the other would be affected at a time—about four weeks apart. As each spell would come on, the lids would swell until they would be almost inside out, the water would run and drip off of her jaw, the scum all the time becoming thicker and whiter, and with bloody streaks across the ball. About eighteen months ago I could see a very small white speck in the sight of the right eye, which kept growing until it covered the whole sight which caused total blindness. The left eye still continues to have its spells every other month, but will clear up between spells so that I can hardly tell anything is the matter with it. I also have a horse six years old, and a mule five years old in just the same condition, and another one likely to be before long, all commencing at 4½ years of age. I would be many times obliged to any one telling me the cause and the remedy.—E. T. GALLIGLY, Lick Creek, Ill. [They are no doubt affected with specific opthalmia, an inflammation that arises from hereditary disposition, confinement in dark stables and exposure to sudden light. Stables that are badly ventilated or kept in an unclean condition, when the ammonia from the urine penetrates the urine, also causes the disease. Imagine to yourself the positive pain the ammonia causes a horse, for remember that a horse's eyes are just as susceptible to injury as a human being's. A horse once attacked with this disease is liable to periodical attacks, and usually terminates in blindness. Each subsequent attack reduces the chances for a cure. Prompt attention should be given when the eyes are first seen to be weak or inflamed. First give the following purgative: Powdered aloes, six drachms; powdered ginger, one drachm; soft soap, as much as needed to make a ball. Give bran mash only, and when the bowels are opened, give one of these powders night and morning on the tongue: Pulverized colchicum, one and a half ounces; saltpeter, two ounces. Divide into twelve powders.—ED.]

INSECTICIDE—SQUASH BUGS.—How am I to use Cook's insecticide for cabbage worms? They live and work on the under side of the leaf and any liquid sprinkled on will not reach them. How shall I get rid of squash bugs? [Plaster and ashes will do. Please answer in the BLADE and oblige H. M. ASHOLD, Liberal, Mo.—[If sprayed on with garden sprinkler they may be reached. Dozens of things have been tried to exterminate squash bugs but we believe there is no effectual remedy. Some gardeners have a barrel set in the ground, in which they keep a solution of waste tobacco, lime, soot, ox manure, ashes, etc., which they stir and sprinkle on vines when dry weather sets in and the bugs make their appearance.—ED.]

SALT FOR TIMOTHY OR CLOVER HAY.—Please answer through your paper the following: Will salt preserve timothy and clover hay stacked out doors?—D. M. SAWYER, Lee Center, Ill.—[Many farmers believe in the idea of sprinkling timothy and clover hay when it contains a certain amount of salt, as cattle and horses eat it readily. It has preservative properties, but no hay can be kept from spoiling by the application of salt if it has been put up in too green a condition.—ED.]

PEAR TREE BLIGHT.—Will the editor or some reader tell me through the BLADE a remedy to keep pear trees from blighting? —J. T. DAVIS, Mortimer, Kan. [This malady may be completely checked on its first appearance, by immediately cutting off and burning the injured branches. Careful pruning, cleaning the bark all over with a brush, and applying tobacco water or soap-suds to the leaves, and occasionally putting good rich earth and manure to the roots will generally remedy most diseases of fruit trees. When a tree is affected with mildew, let it be at once sprinkled with soap-suds, and then be dusted with sulphur and tobacco, or snuff. At the same time dig around the tree and remove the soil and subsoil. If it be wet and cankery, it should be taken away and replaced with good soil and the ground drained. If the ground be dry, it needs watering. The same remedy will serve as a preventive of the extension of blight.—ED.]

WOOD ASHES—SAW DUST.—Are wood ashes of any account as a fertilizer in clay land, and how should it be applied? Is sawdust of any account unless thoroughly rotted?—SUBSCRIBER, Fetricksburg, Ind. [Wood ashes are good, but coal ashes of no value. Sawdust is a sour, harsh substance and cannot be recommended.—ED.]

Can any of the readers of the BLADE tell me what is the best thing to do for a cow that gives thick milk? At least the milk gets thick after standing a short time, and is very watery on top. Any information will be thankfully received.—RAY.

DISEASED COLT.—I have a colt that took the distemper in February and took cold several times in spring rains, and he is swelled under the jaw and throat, and about one-third of the way from the nostril to the eye there is a hard swelling. He runs at the nose. Some days it is a little gluey. The matter is whitish the most of the time. Sometimes he does not run at all. Send answer in the BLADE and oblige. —W. CRUM, Crum, Iowa. [In a case like this a veterinary should be called. You should have acted promptly when the colt was first attacked. It looks to be a more serious case than simple distemper. For distemper, put one ounce of saltpeter in the water night and morning for one day, poultice the swollen glands and where tumors make their appearance if poultices will not break them, they should be fly-blistered to bring them to a head. They may then be opened with a lance. Tonics are important to heal ulcers, and improve the strength. This should be given: sulphate of iron and ginger, each four ounces. Mix with enough common mass to make ten balls, and give one twice a day.—ED.]

HOG WITH LAME BACK.—Will some one please tell me what ails my pigs? They seem lame in the back, and are unable to stand on their hind legs. Please give a cure.—E. KUNZ, Wood River, Neb.—[Your hogs may be attacked by hydatids or bladder worms in the kidneys. Try pouring a tablespoonful of turpentine across the loins or small of the back daily for several days. If you have bituminous or soft coal, crush a piece for each hog, a little larger than a hen's egg, and place it in the food. It will be readily eaten.—ED.]

HOW TO CULTIVATE CELERY.—Will some of the many readers of the BLADE give a description of the cultivation of celery? I saw a statement that 2,000 stalks could be raised to the acre. I think that exaggerated. Would like the mode of culture from some one who has had experience. Also how to cultivate roses from cuttings.—A. C. FENTON, Knoxville.

It is customary with some gardeners to raise their early plants in hotbeds; but as plants thus raised are apt to produce seed-stalk, it is much safer to cultivate them in cold frames, prepared as directed for the raising of early cabbage plants. If the seed for a general crop may be sown the last week in March, or early in April, in rich, mellow ground, and in a situation where the plants can be protected from the parching heat of a summer sun (a border against a north aspect is the most suitable.) Some how the seed broadcast; but the plants will be much stronger if raised in drills. The drills may be half an inch deep, and six inches apart, so that a small hoe can be worked between the rows; and if properly attended to, every ounce of seed sown will produce ten thousand strong plants or more. The early sown plants should be pricked out in a nursery bed of cool rich earth, as soon as they are two or three inches high, there to remain about a month after which they will be fit to transplant into the trenches.

Choose for this purpose a piece of rich ground in an open exposure. Mark out the trenches by line, ten or twelve inches wide, and allow the space of three feet between them, which will be sufficient for the early plantations. Dig each trench a spade deep, laying the earth equally on each side between the trenches. Put three inches deep of rotten dung in the bottom of each trench, then pare the sides, and mingle the manure and parings with an inch or two of the loose mould at the bottom, incorporating all well together, and put in the plants.

Previous to planting, trim the plants, by cutting off the long straggling leaves, and also the ends of the roots. Let them be planted with a dibble, in single rows, along the middle of each trench, five or six inches between plant and plant. As soon as they are planted, give them a plentiful watering, and let them be shaded until they strike root and begin to grow. The main crops may be planted in the same way, but in trenches four feet distant from each other, and an inch or two further from plant to plant; or in beds made in the following manner, which, for the ease of preserving the plants in winter, will be found extremely convenient, besides a greater quantity can be raised on a given piece of ground:

Lay out the ground into beds four feet wide, with alleys between, three feet in width. Dig the beds a spade deep, throwing earth on the alleys. When done, lay four or five inches well rotted dung over the bottom of the beds. Incorporate it with the loose soil, and cover the whole with an inch or two from the alleys; plant four rows in each bed at equal distances, and from six to eight inches apart in the rows; after which give them a plentiful watering, and shade them. Blanching celery.—The earthing should never be done when the plants are wet, as this is apt to make the celery rusty; but should be performed gradually in fine weather as the plants progress in growth, repeating the earthing every two weeks; at which time, care should be taken to gather up all the leaves neatly, and not to bury the hearts of the plants. When they are grown two feet high, and well blanched, they are fit for use.

As celery will grow three or four feet high in one season, it will be necessary to delay the planting of that which is intended for winter use until the latter end of July; but the trenches should always be prepared in time, to avoid a serious drouth, which often delays the planting till too late in the season. The blanching of celery for winter use may be delayed until October.

When celery is raised on a large scale the trenches may be worked out with a plough, and finished with a spade or hoe. The ground may also be plowed between the rows previous to earthing it up, which will save much labor.

The *Celeriac*, or turnip-rooted, may be planted either on level ground or in shallow drills. The root of it swells like a turnip, and may be preserved in sand through the winter. The French and Germans cut it in slices, and soak it a few hours in vinegar. By such simple preparation it becomes mellow as a pineapple, and affords a delicious and very nourishing repast.

Some gardeners are accustomed to cultivate celery on the level ground. Others, after making their trenches in the usual way, go to the expense of carting a peculiar soil from a distance, from which they replenish their trenches until nearly full. Those who have pursued the latter plan say that they are rewarded for their trouble by gathering roots of superior size and quality. Those gardeners whose subsoil, or under stratum, is inferior, or ill-adapted to the growth of celery, should cultivate it in shallow drills or furrows worked out with a plough, by which means they may secure good soil to plant in, and also to earth up with the greatest facility. In such case the rows must be from four to five feet apart; and frequent ploughing between them would promote the growth of the plants.

Some gardeners prefer to raise celery on level ground, and continue to form a ridge, as the plants grow, by drawing clean earth up against the plants. Others set a four or five-inch drain tile over each plant; and as it grows, fine, rich, clean soil—mostly sand—is worked down in the tiles, keeping the plants in the middle of the orifice in the tile. Others set two planks on the edge, each side of the rows of celery, and fill up between the planks with a clean loamy soil.

There are few shrubbery but may be propagated by layers. These should be laid in pots or tubs. To perform this thrust an awl through the joints, which is to be fixed in the ground (in several places) and fasten down with a wooden forked peg. Keep the earth as moist as possible. After this give frequent waterings.—ED.]

DISEASED HOGS—SORES ON HORSE.—Can you or any of your readers give a remedy for a disease that is killing the hogs in this county? They first refuse to eat, and stagger when they walk. Some live a week or ten days; some go blind before they die; mine were well a week ago; now sixteen refuse to eat; a few have a swelling in the mouth. An early answer will oblige. Some are losing all their hogs; some have the scours. What will cure a horse that breaks out in summer all over with sores? He gets all right as soon as the weather is cool. He is in good order, eats well, but is always rubbing and biting himself. I have had him three years; he is that way every summer. Can it be the farcy? —W. E. KITTLEMAN, Sidney, Iowa. [Your description is not sufficiently full to give a precise answer to your question regarding hogs. The disease in some respects resemble the apoplectic or splenic form of Charbon. At all events the following should be given: Common salt, four pounds; black antimony, flowers of sulphur, sulphate of iron, of each one pound; wood ashes, unleached, one peck. Mix thoroughly together and put in a trough where the hogs can eat it at will. This will prevent the disease, and in the first stages cure it. When diarrhoea occurs, mix a teaspoonful of powdered chalk in each full grown animal's food. Your horse very likely is troubled with eczema, a non-contagious skin disease. As a rule it is a summer disease, and some horses have a return of it season after season. To treat the horse, first change his diet and give him a dose of aloes. If after this the bowels are found to be irregular, give the following: Bisulphate of soda, one ounce; powdered gentian, half an ounce. Make in a ball and give night and morning. To remove the sores, first rub the horse all over with sweet oil, and after a few hours wash him completely with sap and water. Then rub the diseased surface and a space outside of it thus: Flour of sulphur, half a pound; corborate of potash, a quarter of a pound; carbolic acid, one ounce; lard and olive oil each, two pounds. Mix with the aid of gentle heat. This must be left on the skin two or three days, and then washed off with stong soap and water.—ED.]

Would like some one to tell through the BLADE, and soon as convenient, what is the matter with my horse. Began to scratch in the spring and never stopped until all the hair, mane and tail were all out. Washed her with carbolic, tobacco, water, salt and vinegar, and nothing did any good. Now she is a fit job garden.—M. B. CLARK.—[Your horse, no doubt, has mange. Clean thoroughly every blanket, piece of harness, brush, curry-comb or other things that have touched him. Give him a pint and a half of linseed oil as a cathartic. Afterward wash the poisoned parts with strong soapsuds, dry them, and apply the following: Flour of sulphur and oil of turpentine, each, four ounces, tar, eight ounces. Heave on the stable for four or four days, and then wash it with soapsuds and apply sheeps' tallow thinly on the skin.

Answers to Inquiries.

TO CURE A HORSE OF COLIC.—Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of common baking soda in a quart of water, and drench the horse with it. If not relieved in 30 minutes, repeat the dose, but one dose is generally enough. I hope the man that said "bleed," and thus abuse the horse, will read the above and try it.—R. H. SMALL, Bitter Water, Cal.

Hollow Horn—Wolf in the Tail.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

I see in the BLADE of July 2, Mr. W. G. Hanesick, Webster C. H., W. Va., asks "Do cows have a disease called hollow horn?" I will say "no" to that; and he wants to know if there is any disease called wolf in the tail? I am no doctor, and the cause you set forth is correct, such as poor and insufficient food, exposure etc. Now, Mr. Editor, tell this man and all others that want to know, to take hold of the tail and feel all along and if any place feels as if the joints are apart, (which they will find the case in cows in this condition,) take a sharp knife and split into the hollow. Take salt and a tablespoonful of ground black pepper and fill up the place full and all you can bind on, and let it be a wolf, worm, or whatever it may be, the cow will get right to eating and improving without doubt. Mythical or not, as men of science may call this, the cow with this cure and good feed will soon get all right.—OLD SUBSCRIBER, Genola, Elk Co., Kan.

Catholic Total Abstinence.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, in session at New Haven, elected the following officers: President, Rev. James M. Cleary, of Kenosha, Wis.; vice president, Rev. T. J. Conatha, of Worcester, Mass.; treasurer, Rev. James D. Bowles, of Fremont, O.; secretary, Philip A. Nolan, of Philadelphia. The convention will probably meet at Notre Dame, Ind., next year.

News of the Week.

GRANT'S FUNERAL.

AT ALBANY TUESDAY.

Col. Grant, Jesse and U. S. Grant, jr., alighted first from the funeral train when it had stopped at the foot of Spencer street. Gov. Hill took the first upon his arm, Asst. Adjt. Gen. McEwen the second, and Col. Gillette the third. Rev. Dr. Newman, Dr. Douglas and Gen. Sherman followed, with Gen. Porter, and the party was at once escorted to carriages and dinner to the governor's mansion. Before the remains were removed Gov. Hill and other officers returned to the train and there greeted Gen. Hancock and staff, who were at the moment alighting from the car they had occupied. The remains were placed within the mounted catafalque. Six black horses with black trappings were hitched to the funeral car, and at the head of each horse, as leaders, were members of the G. A. R. posts 5 and 121. The crowd was dense. The remains having been deposited on the funeral car, it was drawn out into Spencer street, where it was flanked by company A, fifth artillery, and company E, fifth infantry. G. A. R. men guarded the remains at the posts of honor, and four men of the Tenth battalion were mounted at each corner of the catafalque. Gen. Hancock and staff filed out into Spencer street, where the general was mounted on a powerful black horse, splendidly caparisoned. The organizations to take past in the procession were waiting in various streets along the line of march, and assumed their assigned positions in the procession as the head moved on. There were 4,311 men in the procession.

The column moved to the capitol, where Gen. Hancock dismounted and retired, and the remains were deposited beneath the great catafalque in the senate corridor. Before being so placed the body was conveyed to a private room in the capitol building, where the undertakers and embalmers removed the lid of the casket to inspect the body and learn its condition. They said they found the remains in good condition. The public was admitted finally about 5 o'clock, being permitted to walk two abreast on each side of the casket, which lay on an inclined dais. Seven thousand four hundred persons viewed the remains the first hour.

Late in the evening Col. Grant, Jesse and U. S. Grant, jr., accompanied by Gov. Hill and others, entered the capitol. The throng of visitors was checked for a time, and the general's sons passed beneath and halted briefly to view the remains of their father. A cluster of eight incandescent lamps shed a brilliant light down upon the dead face, and revealed a startling spectacle. The skin of the face has the appearance of having been enameled in a bungled manner. The skin is of a ghastly hue, and has a scaly appearance. This is explained as due to the fact that the face was powdered late in the afternoon and without reference to the probable effect of the brilliant light to which the remains were subjected.

MEMORIAL SERVICES IN LONDON.

A large crowd, including man distinguished statesmen, gathered in Westminster Abbey, Tuesday, to attend the Grant memorial services. Canon Farrar took his text from Acts, 13:36. Eollowing are the principal points of his address:

Eight years have not passed since the late Dean Stanley, whom Americans so loved and honored, was walking around this abbey with Gen. Grant, explaining its wealth of great memorials. Neither of them had nearly attained the allotted span of life. Both might have hoped that many years would elapse before descending to the grave full of years and honors. This is only the fourth summer since Dean Stanley fell asleep. To-day we assemble at the obsequies of the great soldier, whose sun set while it was yet day, and at whose funeral service in America tens of thousands are assembled at this moment to mourn with the weeping family and friends. I desire to speak simply and directly, with generous appreciation, but without idle flattery of him whose death has made a nation mourn. His private life, his faults or failings of character, whatever they may have been, belong in no sense to the world. They are before the judgment of God's merciful forgiveness. We will touch only upon his public actions and services. Upon a bluff, overlooking the Hudson, his monument will stand, recalling to future generations the dark page in the Nation's history which he did so much to close." After eloquently tracing Gen. Grant's boyhood and manhood, the speaker said: "If the men who knew him in his youth as cool, self-possessed and unambitious, had said, if any one had predicted that he would become twice President and one of the foremost men of the day, the prophecy would have seemed extravagantly ridiculous. But such careers are the glory of the American continent. They show that the people have a sovereign insight into intrinsic force. Rome sold with pride that her dictators came from the plow. America may record the answer of the President, who, when asked what would be his coat-of-arms, answered, probably mindful of his early struggles, "A pair of shirt sleeves." The answer showed a noble sense of the dignity of labor; a noble superiority to the vanities of feudalism; a strong conviction that men should be honored simply as men, not according to the accident of birth.

America has had two martyred Presidents, both sons of the people—one a homely man, who was a farm lad at the age of 7, a rail splitter at 19, a Mississippi boatman at 28, and who in manhood proved one of the strongest, most honest and God-fearing of modern rulers. The other grew from a shoeless child to be an humble teacher in the Hiram Institute. With those Presidents America need not blush to name the leather seller of Galena. Every true man derives a patent of nobleness direct from God. Was not the Lord for 30 years a carpenter in Nazareth? Lincoln's and Garfield's and Grant's early conscientious attention to humble duties fitted them to become rulers of men. The year 1861 was the outbreak of the most terrible of modern wars. The hour came and the man was needed. Within four years Grant commanded an army vaster than had ever before been handled by man. It was not luck, but the result of inflexible faithfulness, indomitable resolution, sleepless energy, iron purpose, and persistent tenacity. He rose by the upward gravitation and natural fitness. The very soldiers become impregnated with his spirit.

Gen. Grant has been grossly and unjustly called a butcher. He loved peace and hated bloodshed, but it was his duty at all costs to save the country. The struggle was not for victory but for existence. Not for glory, but for life or death. In his silence, determination and clearness of insight, Grant resembled Washington and Wellington. In the hottest fury of battle his speech never exceeded "yes, yes," and "nay, nay." God's light has shown for the future destinies of a mighty nation that the war of 1861 was a necessary and a blessed work. The church has never refused to honor the faithful soldiers fighting for the cause for which Grant fought. The unity of a great people, the freedom of a whole race, was as great and noble as when at Lexington the embattled farmers fired the shot which resounded around the world. The South accepted a bloody arbitrament, but the rancor and fury of the past are buried in oblivion. The names of Lee and Jackson will be a common heritage with those of Garfield and Grant. Americans are no longer Northerners and Southerners, but Americans. What verdict history will pronounce upon Grant as a politician and a man I know not, but here and now the voice of censure, deserved or undeserved, is silent. We leave his faults to the mercy of the merciful. Let us write his virtues as patterns for men's example. Let his faults, whatever they may have been, be written on water.

Who can tell if his closing hours of torture and misery were not blessings in disguise—God purging the gold from the dross until the strong man was utterly purified by his intense agony? Could we be gathered in a more fitting place to honor Gen. Grant? There is no lack of American memorials here. We add another today. Whatever there be between the two nations to forget and forgive is forgotten and forgiven. If the two peoples, which are one, be true to their duty, who can doubt that the destinies of the world are in their hands? Let America and England march in the van of freedom and progress, showing the world not only a magnificent spectacle of human happiness, but a still more magnificent spectacle of two peoples united, loving righteousness and hating iniquity, inflexibly faithful to the principles of eternal justice, which are the unchanging laws of God.

WEDNESDAY'S REPORT.

By 6 o'clock this morning 51,300 persons had viewed the remains, and the solid tide was again flowing, and the two streams of visitors were surging past the casket. The line outside the capitol building increased with the hours.

The committee of 100 prominent citizens of New York City, appointed by Mayor Grace to represent that city at Albany, and to accompany the remains to New York, have arrived. Across the lapel of the black coat of each member of the committee is a white satin badge, at the top of which are the words, "City of New York;" underneath this the arms of the city, and at the bottom "Gen. Grant." The committee wear white hats, with black bands.

Speculators have made efforts to secure possession of the catafalque and funeral car after the remains depart. An offer of $5,000 has been made for the catafalque, as they are the property of the National government, however, it is not likely that relic hunters will obtain them.

The steel casket, built at Troy, was completed last evening. Thousands of people have visited the works during the past few days. Night and day the work has progressed, and neither time nor expense has been spared to complete the work successfully. The casket was shipped this morning from West Troy.

At 10:30 this forenoon the capitol doors were swung shut; the compact line of waiting visitors, which extended over a block, was shut off thus, and those who had entered were permitted to pass rapidly out, when the State street doors were closed, and none but the guard of honor from U. S. Grant post, Wheeler post, of Saratoga, and the six men of the military order of the Loyal Legion, were allowed to remain. The undertakers now took charge, and so far as possible prepared the remains for the last stage of the journey. Outside the capitol building in the park the military and other organizations were forming at the stations, and many companies were filing to the side streets, whence to move at the word of command.

Eleven o'clock had passed, and it was a half hour later when the great doors of the capitol swung open on the State street side, and the guard of honor were seen by the waiting crowds, with the remains inside the corridor. At this moment, the guard of honor moved out into the sunlight to the slow strains of music and the sound of the trumpets of the regulars upon the upper steps of the capitol. Thirteen men touching the casket, and so surrounding and almost hiding it from view. The sombre car was waiting at the foot of the steps in the street. Four men were inside the car, and assisted in lifting the remains to the black dais within the modest catafalque. Then Col. Beck and Maj. Brown ranged their companies of regulars on either side of the car, the front being level with the heads of the horses. The Grand Army guard took positions, the blasts of trumpets rang out, and the procession started at a measured pace down State street, and various organizations falling in to form the procession, reaching Broadway amid the dull boom of cannon and the tolling and chiming of bells in the steeples. The march down Broadway to Steuben street, and thence to the depot, was everywhere densely thronged. The sons of Gen. Grant, and their companions of yesterday were driven to the depot, where the long black funeral train was awaiting its burden. Gen. Hancock and D. W. Kendrick were in charge.

EX-PRES. HAYES

Ex-Pres. Rutherford B. Hayes has telegraphed to Gens. Aspinwall and Sickles that he would be in New York on Thursday. He expressed thanks for the attention shown to him.

IN NEW YORK—WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The Grand Central clock dial marked 5 o'clock. The train was still on time, Gen. Grant's last journey was ended, and from the start there had been no clang of bell nor sound of whistle.

Hurrying crowds sought shelter from the driving rain under the eaves of the Grand Central depot, twenty minutes before 5 o'clock, deploring the mischance that would turn the parade into a weary tramp through a drenching storm. Their fears were groundless. Brighter skies showed in the west when the funeral train rolled into the depot. The military methods had indeed proved infallible. The escort was ready and at the door promptly at the stroke of 5. The dark clouds rolled over and the sun broke forth, illuminating the glass covered arch. As the train moved in its rays fell upon the silver mounting of the coffin, purple covered, and with the single wreath of oak leaves placed over the heart of the dead father by the children's hands, resting upon the lid. It fell upon the wrinkled faces of the veterans, who carried it as tenderly as a loved child from the car to a hearse push cart brought down from the "Woodlawn" for the purpose, and drew it up the inclined platform and across to the west side of the depot and to the vehicle, that was to be the last on which the body would ever ride. With them walked six of the Loyal Legion and two Grand Army men.

Gen. Hancock and his suite passed through the gate into Forty-third street, where horses were waiting ahead of the coffin. He then galloped to the head of the procession on Fifth avenue, below Thirty-fourth street. The three sons of Gen. Grant also left the depot quietly. All the others who had come with the train followed the remains out in double file, the citizens' committee of 100, led by ex-Mayor Cooper and ex-Governor Cornell, ex-Mayor Franklin Edson and Jackson S. Schultz, walking. Next followed the regulars; behind them Gov. Hill and Gen. Farnsworth and his glittering staff, and in their turn the committees of the house and senate at Albany.

Gen. Hancock formally delivered the body to the city authorities early in the evening. Hereafter the police of the city are responsible for its keeping. It was decided, after a formal conference in the mayor's office, that the coffin should be kept open until 1 o'clock a. m. Friday and Saturday. On the last named morning, at the hour mentioned, the coffin will finally closed.

The crowds about City Hall park were pretty well thinned out by 11:30 o'clock, but still the lines of people passing through the buildings continued unbroken. It is estimated that 34,000 people viewed the remains between 9 p. m. and 1 a. m.

SCENES IN NEW YORK THURSDAY.

People loitered in the City Hall park all night. They were first in the line that, soon after 6 o'clock this morning, began filing past the remains of Gen. Grant, where they lay in the City Hall. There were no great throng awaiting admission; those who waited at 6 o'clock were not more than 1,000 persons. Inspector Steers was in charge; he had ordered that 150 policemen should report to him at City Hall at an early hour this morning. At 6 o'clock, the hour fixed for admitting the public, the inspector's officers were still filing into the plaza. Two lines of policemen were placed across the plaza from the City Hall entrance to the fountain. These lines formed a passage-way through which four men might walk abreast, and along which all day the visitors to the remains should pass. Meanwhile, the officers of the 22d regiment, who had been on duty through the early morning, were filing out of the City Hall, and their places were being taken by the officers of the 12th regiment. Sergt. Killey, with 30 men, picketed the corridors through the building, so as to form the channel through which the throng should move to the exit on the Court-house side to the City Hall. The Grant post had mounted a detail at 5 o'clock to serve from that hour until 8 o'clock. These men were placed nearest the catafalque, and the two lines of visitors passed between them and the casket on either side. All within the gloomy corridors was in readiness. Outside on the top step of the City Hall, and in the middle of the channel of officers to the fountain, stood a big, brawny police officer; he would act as a wedge to split the current of people and send them in lesser streams through the gates, where they should flow past the casket as detailed. The clock pointed to 6:06, and at the inspector's orders the gates were thrown open. About 1,200 people had jammed against the officers who barred the channel at the edge of the fountain circle, but when the gates swung open the officers ceased to hold the people in check, and the stream began to flow past the remains and through the building.

At 11 o'clock between 30,000 and 31,000 had passed the casket and looked on the remains, though many coming rapidly in from the bright sunlight were scarcely able to distinguish them in the sombre shadows of the black draped corridor.

The floral offering of the board of Aldermen was set up during the morning beneath the rotunda. Above, where the light streamed down in it. The central column rose ten feet, and was flanked by stands of colors, while the base was a bed of ferns and palms, among which was placed huge rows of white buds.

Much delay was caused by the attempt of an old lady who came up in the line to stoop and kiss the face of the dead general. She was reminded hastily that such a proceeding was in bad taste, and besides two plates of glass prevented any demonstration of the kind.

Gen. Gordon, of Georgia, who, at Spotsylvania Court-house, Virginia, checked Gen. Hancock's advance on May 12, 1864, and who commanded one wing of Lee's army and made the last assault on Gen. Grant's lines at Appomattox, has been appointed aide to Gen. Hancock for the funeral ceremonies at the burial of Gen. Grant.

Yesterday Col. Grant was asked if he would consent to placing a G. A. R. badge on the breast of the dead general. The son acceded, and to-day Senior Vice Commander John H. Johnson, of U. S. Grant post, pinned the token upon the general's breast. Consent had also been given the military order of the Loyal Legion to fix upon the breast of the remains the token of that organization.

DEPARTMENTS TO BE CLOSED.

Pres. Cleveland has issued the following executive order: "It is hereby ordered that the several executive departments, the department of agriculture and the government printing office, be closed Friday, August 7, at 3 p. m., to enable such employes as may desire to attend the funeral of the late ex-President, Gen. Grant, in New York."

EX-PRES. HAYES' SUGGESTION.

At a general meeting of the members of various posts of G. A. R., held in Baltimore, a resolution was adopted commending the suggestion made by ex-Pres. Hayes that the Grand Army men erect a national monument to the memory of Gen. Grant. The resolution suggests that the monument be erected in Washington, and that the sum of $300,000 be raised by an assessment of $1 on each member of the organization.

APPOMATTOX.

A large crowd of people from Appomattox Court House assembled Thursday morning and draped the house in which Gens. Grant and Lee signed the terms of surrender, in April, 1865, in mourning. It is proposed to allow the draping to remain 30 days out of respect to the memory of Gen. Grant.

THE TELEGRAPHERS.

Pursuant to the call of William R. Plum, president of the society of Military Telegraphers of the late war throughout the Union, to take action on the death of Gen. Grant, by the kind courtesy of the Western Union telegraph company, a telegraphic meeting of the survivors of the corps was held Thursday, Mr. Plum presiding, at Chicago. Resolutions of respect were passed.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

At 9 p. m. the procession of people to the hall was more dense than at any time during the day, and was composed mostly of working people.

SCENES IN NEW YORK FRIDAY.

When the city hall gates were shut at 1 o'clock this morning, and when the shuffle of footsteps had ceased, the undertakers and embalmers came. The face of Gen. Grant was scanned by them through the double plates of glass. Then the undertaker observed that dust had settled upon the lower plate of glass, and he removed the top plate that the other might be cleaned. Surprise was expressed that such an accumulation of dust should have been possible through the fine, close joints made by the closing of the surface plate. The glass was cleaned and polished and the top plate replaced, and the lids of the casket fastened down. The royal purple velvet that covered the casket had become dusty with the rising particles from all the shuffling of the thousands past it through the day. Carefully it was brushed and cleaned, and the silver railings were repolished.

At 3 a. m. Inspector Stead had a line of officers placed along the route of procession from the city hall gates to the fountain. At that hour there were some thousands held back by the fifteen men that the inspector then had on duty. Every train on the big bridge brought recruits, who scurried across Chatham and Centre streets to the point where the loose crowd was being merged into a solid procession. At the same relative hours to-day there were thousands more in the stream than yesterday, and the fact was due the belief and experience that the early ones yesterday had the least time to wait. So it was that the early down-town cars, between 5 and 6, brought hundreds of ladies and gentlemen who had thought to be in advance of the great crowd.

The City Hall clock marked 5:55 when Junior Vice Commander Cranston, of the U. S. Grant Post, lifted the covers from the casket, passed his handkerchief over the glass plate, and then assumed his place at the head of his detail of Grand Army men. St. Paul's was tolling 6 when the iron gates were thrown back. The first to pass through were, as on yesterday, women; each were middle-aged, and each could not but think that the day and the remains were at their disposal; several hands and voices reminded them otherwise with not a little suddenness. A solid stream had again commenced flowing across the plaza to the entrance. The human stream was flowing just as though 100,000 had not struggled over the same stones yesterday.

HOW THE OLD SOLDIERS MET IN NEW YORK.

It looked like old war times at the hotels in New York Thursday night. In fact, it looked like war times all over the city. Great crowds of strangers arrived on every train and boat, in anticipation of Saturday's funeral pageant, but it was in the hotel lobbies that the most extraordinary assemblages gathered, and friends of twenty years ago, who were made enemies by the war, shook hands and made it all up. Some of the scenes between the soldiers of the North and the South were heart-stirring, and there were groupings of grand old figures on all sides. In the midst of such scenes came Gen. Phil Sheridan. Suddenly a red faced man advanced, leading Gen. Jno. B. Gordon, of Georgia, toward the Union soldier: then he introduced them, and the two old warriors seized hands with a firm grip and looked each other fair in the eyes. Their hands trembled, but they did not release the friendly grasp, but stood there looking at each other with sparkling eyes. Then Bethnap, the ex-secretary of war, came up with Gen. Curtis, the one-eyed conqueror of Fort Fisher, and formed part of the group. It was a picture worthy of a great painter, as the Southern general—tall, black-eyed, long-haired and scarred—pressed the hand of the famous soldier of the North. "This is how the soldiers of the North and South meet to day," said Gen. Curtis; "God grant that it is only an emblem of what is coming to the whole country."

To an observer on the steps at the City Hall, the manner of the men in the crowd while uncovering their heads is a curious study. Those who are acquainted with social customs and the proprieties of state occasions constitute a class in the stream of visitors. While yet on the piazza and nearing the steps, there may be observed symptoms of consciousness that the head covering must come off; some remove their hats on the lower steps, and their demeanor is such as to indicate appreciation of the dignity of the occasion. Before the gates are reached the hat is resumed, and the deportment of those alluded to comports with the occasion. Others approach the building with curious, bulging eyes, and seeming only to feel that there is some thing to be seen, and their only present purpose in life is to behold all that is to be seen. There is no suggestion in their manner that any deference is to be paid anywhere, to any person or thing. They mount the steps with covered heads, the gates are passed with hats on, and only an afterthought suggests the usual courtesy.

THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY.

Pres. Cleveland and party arrived at the Fifth avenue hotel about 11 o'clock last night and proceeded immediately to their rooms.

IMMENSE CROWDS.

People from every section of the Union are present. Hotels and every other available place for sleeping are crowded to their utmost capacity, and many have been forced to go to Brooklyn, Jersey City and other adjacent cities for accommodations.

The procession to the City Hall at the hour of midnight extended above Canal street, a half a mile away, and was four deep. It is estimated that as many as 300,000 persons have visited the hall within the two days that the remains have lain in state. At 1:10 a. m. the gates were closed for the night, and about 5,000 persons who had been in line were disappointed in not seeing the face of the dead general.

The Obsequies at New York on Saturday.

THE LAST LOOK.

Chief of Police Murray at 1 a. m. was in command of the men and affairs at the City hall. The gates of the City hall were about to be closed when he observed that there were 500 or 1,000 people yet waiting at the foot of the steps and across the piazza. "Let them come in," commanded the superintendent to the officers, who at the command had shut off the people, and then followed 10 minutes of the most expeditious hustling of human beings that has probably been known since the emancipation proclamation. The material was composed almost entirely of men, and lusty policemen supplemented their admonitions of haste with exceedingly effective persuasion of a muscular character. Men and boys were shot through the City Hall with such celerity as will render the occasion to them doubly memorable. The last person had at last crossed the well-worn threshold, and the iron gates clanged shut. The public had taken its leave of the dead.

THE GUARD OF HONOR.

The general officers of the 71st regiment were on duty, and the usual detail of the Grant post was present, as immediate body-guard, while the Legion of Honor was represented by one of its members, who stood at the head of the casket. One of the Wheeler post, of Saratoga, which first mounted a guard detail about the mountain cottage the day of Gen. Grant's death, was also present. The last of the general public had strolled away through the black-draped corridors and out of the building. The hour was 1:18 a. m. None but the police and guards and all-night reporters were present when the undertakers took charge of the remains.

"Any here who now desire to view the remains, will step forward at once," said the undertaker, and his voice reached through the dark, still corridors.

All present passed by the casket, and the lying-in-state of the ex-President had ended. Undertaker Merritt then brushed the glass plates above the body and drew from their places the two lids which cover the casket. The four screws in each were turned down and the

FACE OF THE DEAD

had been closed forever from view, unless there shall in the future come from the family a request to remove the lids. Then the dead was left in the care of the guards, who stood erect and silently within the closed iron gates and beneath the black drapery.

The night wore on, and the gray of daylight was creeping up the East. The still air of the tomb-like corridors became heavy with the perfume of withering flowers near the dead. A huge piece, "The Gates Ajar," had a place at the head of the casket, and the sweet smell of the lilies was borne down to those who stood and watched. Great horseshoes of red and yellow rosebu

philanthropic measures which Lincoln defined in the cabinet for the regeneration and security of the republic. The monopoly of fame by the few in this world comes from an instinct, perhaps from a deep-seated necessity of human nature.

Heroes cannot be multiplied. The gods of mythology lost their sacredness and their power by their numbers. The millions pass into oblivion—the units only survive. Who seized the great leader of Israel to conduct the chosen people over the sands of the desert and through the waters of the sea into the promised land? Who marched with Alexander from the Bosphorus to India? and who commanded the legions of Cæsar in the conquest of Gaul? Who crossed the Atlantic with Columbus? Who ventured through the winter passes of the Alps with the conqueror of Italy? Who fought with Wellington at Waterloo? Alas, how soon it may be asked who marched with Sherman from the mountain to the sea? who with Meade on the victorious field of Gettysburg? Who shared with Thomas in the glories of Nashville? Who went with Sheridan through the trials and triumphs of the blood-stained valley? Gen. Grant's name will survive through the centuries because it is indissolubly connected with the greatest military and moral triumph in the history of the United States. If the armies of the Union had ultimately failed the vast and beneficent designs of Lincoln would have been frustrated, and he would have been known in history as a statesman and philanthropist, who, in the cause of humanity, cherished great aims which he could not realize, and conceived great ends which he could not attain; as an unsuccessful ruler, whose policies distracted and dissevered his country; while Gen. Grant would have taken his place with that long and always increasing array of great men who were found wanting in the supreme hour of trial, but a higher power controlled the result. God in his gracious mercy had not raised those men for works which should come to naught. In the expression of Lincoln no human counsel devised nor did mortal.

In their accomplishment those human agents were sustained by more than human power, and through them great salvation was wrought for the land. As long, therefore, as the American Union shall abide with its blessings of law and liberty, Grant's name shall be remembered with honor. As long as the slavery of human beings shall be abhorred and the freedom of man assured, Grant shall be recalled with gratitude, and in the cycles of the future, the story of Lincoln's life can never be told without associating Grant in the enduring splendor of his own great name. Gen. Grant's military career was honestly earned, without factious praise and without extraneous help. He had no influence to urge his promotion except such as was attracted by his own achievements. He had no potential friends except those whom his victories won to his support. He rose more rapidly than any military leader in history, from the command of a single regiment to the supreme direction of a million men, divided into a great many armies, and operating over an area as large as the empires of Germany and Austria combined. He exhibited extraordinary qualities in the field. Bravery among American officers is a rule which has happily had few exceptions, but, as an eminent general said, Grant possessed a quality above bravery. He had an insensibility to danger, and an apparently unconscious-ness of fear. Besides that, he possessed the evenness of judgment to be depended upon in sunshine and storm. Napoleon said: "The rarest attribute among generals is the 2 o'clock in the morning courage. "I mean," he added, "unprepared courage; that which is necessary on an unexpected occasion, which, in spite of the most unforseen events, leaves full freedom of judgment and promptness of decision."

No better description could be given of the type of courage which distinguished Gen. Grant. His constant readiness to fight was another quality which, according to the same great authority, established his right as a commander. "Generals," said the exile at St. Helena, "are rarely found eager to give battle; they choose their position, consider their combination, and then indecision begins." "Nothing," added the greatest warrior of modern times, "Nothing is so difficult as to decide." Gen. Grant in his service in the field never once exhibited indecision, and it was this quality that gave him his crowning characteristics as a military leader. He inspired his men with a sense of their invincibility, and they were thenceforth invincible. The career of Gen. Grant, when he passed from a military to a civil administration, was marked by his strong qualities. His presidency of eight years was filled with events of magnitude, which, if his judgment was sometimes questioned, his patriotism was always conceded. He entered up in his office after the angry disturbance, caused by the singular conduct of Lincoln's successor, and quickly enforced the policy which had been for four years the cause of embittered disputation. His action in the presidency proved, in one important aspect, a landmark in the history of the country. For nearly 50 years preceding that event there had been a few Presidential elections in which the fate of the Union had not in some degree been agitated either by threats of political malcontents or its apprehensions by tried patriots. The Union was saved by the victory of the army commanded by Gen. Grant. The chance of its destruction has ever been heard since Gen. Grant's victory before the people. Death always holds a flag of truce over its own. Under that flag friend and foe sit peacefully together, passions are stilled, benevolence restored, wrongs repaired, justice done. It is impossible that the career so long, so prominent, so positive as that of Gen. Grant should not have created a strife and engendered enmity. For more than twenty years from the death of Lincoln to the close of his own life, Gen. Grant was the most conspicuous man in America—one to whom leaders looked for leadership, upon whom partisans built their hope of victory, to whom personal friends by tens of thousands offered their sincere devotion. It was according to the ordinary and well strength of human nature that counter movements should ensue, that Gen. Grant's primacy should be challenged, that his party should be resisted, that his devoted friends should be confronted by jealous men in his own ranks, and by bitter enemies in the ranks of his opponents. But all these passions, and all these resentments are buried in the grave which to-day receives his remains. Contention respecting his rank as commander ceases, and Unionists and Confederates alike testify to his prowess in battle and his magnanimity in peace. Controversy over his civil administration closes, as Democrats and Republicans unite in pronouncing him to have been, in every act and every aspiration, an American patriot.

A Veteran of 1812 Passes Away.

Judge James Garland, probably the oldest judge in the world, and, it is believed, the oldest member of the masonic fraternity in the United States, died at his home in Lynchburg, Va., Saturday. He served in the war of 1812, and was twice elected to Congress. During Jackson's administration he was a warm friend of the President, and made a notable speech in the defense of the latter in the House, for which Jackson thanked him both in person and by letter. He was prosecuting attorney of Lynchburg for nearly twenty years, and judge of the corporation court for fifteen years, and has been altogether at the bar and on the bench 73 years, having only resigned in 1883, when in his 93d year, and after he had become totally blind. He became a Mason in 1812. He voted for James Madison for President, and for every nominee of the Democratic party since.

The G. A. R. at Gettysburg.

Sunday was a perfect day at Camp U. S. Grant. About 2,300 members of the Grand Army of the Republic have already reported, and judging from the applications received for quarters, it is believed that fully 4,000 comrades will visit the camp during the week. At 10 a. m. divine services were held at the rostrum in the National cemetery, conducted by Chaplain J. W. Sayre. At 5 p. m. there was a dress parade and review, after which the comrades formed in a hollow square, facing in, and Grant memorial services were conducted by Chaplain Sayre in accordance with the ritual of the Grand Army. Chaplain Sayre and Rev. J. F. Danks, of Pittsburg, delivered addresses.

Ex-Confederates Who Want Pensions.

A special from Greenville, Texas, says: At a reunion of ex-Confederate soldiers here, it was estimated that 30,000 veterans and others were on the grounds. Gen. Reid, of the Rese brigade, was the orator of the day. He alluded to the fact that thousands of crippled, old Confederates, were begging their living from door to door, while 120,000 Federal soldiers were drawing pensions. At the close of Gen. Ross's address the resolutions eulogistic of Gen. Grant were adopted.

The Kentucky Election.

All the legislative candidates of the Citizen's League were defeated in Louisville. The League was a reform organization composed of men of both parties, but owing to unfortunate selections of candidates and extraneous causes met a decisive defeat. Tate, Democrat, for state treasurer, was opposed by Fox, Prohibitionist. Tate is elected by a good majority, but a light vote was polled all over the state. The constitutional convention is defeated.

It is announced that the Pacific Mail company will withdraw its Australian steamers November 1.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Spicy Correspondence.

One of the recent incidents in the President's experience with applicants seems thus far to have escaped observation and report. The correspondence given below and about the authenticity of which there is no question, explains itself:

CINCINNATI, July 24, 1885.

To the President, Washington:

DEAR SIR—This community read the announcement of ——— to the ——— judgeship with astonishment and regret, if not pain, and none were more astonished than those who had signed his petition, and I regret to say that my name is to be found upon it. I have refused several, whom I knew to be unfit, but I signed this one thinking it would never be considered, and not for one moment believing the appointment was possible. When first presented to me, I put him off, and hoped to escape, but he came again with it, and with others I signed it, thinking there was no chance for its receiving even a consideration. It was signed by many prominent men, who hated to refuse, and hoped and thought it would result in nothing. Yours, very respectfully,

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1, 1885.

DEAR SIR—I have read your letter with amazement and indignation. There is but one mitigation to the perfidy which your letter discloses, and that is found in the fact that you confess your share in it. I don't know whether you are a Democrat or not, but if you are, the crime which you confess is the more unpardonable. The idea that this administration, pledged to give the people better government and better officers, and engaged in a hand-to hand fight with the bad elements of both parties, should be betrayed by those who ought to be worthy of implicit trust, is atrocious, and such treason to the people and to the party ought to be punished by imprisonment.

Your confession comes too late to be of immediate use to the public service, and I can only say that while this is not the first time I have been deceived and misled by lying and treacherous representations, you are the first one that has so frankly owned his grievous fault. If any comfort is to be extracted from this assurance, you are welcome to it. Yours, truly,

GROVER CLEVELAND.

The Cattle Kings.

Pres. Cleveland informed a delegation representing the cattlemen that he would not modify his recent order for the removal of cattle from leased lands in the Cheyenne and Arapahoe reservation within 40 days from the date of his proclamation. In declining to agree to any postponement, Pres. Cleveland said: "There is one point that seems to escape your attention, gentlemen; that point is before my eye, and it is the public interest. We have lately seen what fear can be created by 30 or 40 Indians. Within two hours a letter has come to my desk from the governor of Kansas, urging that the troops on the border of that state should not be withdrawn. The highest officer in the army,—one experienced in Indian affairs,—reports the situation in the territory, and says that the cause of the irritation is the presence of cattle men. A section of the country containing four and a quarter millions acres was set apart for the Indians. Only one-fourth (four hundred thousand acres) is left. They are crowded down to the agencies. Some of them may have been secured with the consent of the Indians. It is apparent to me, as it is to you, that this state of affairs cannot continue. Two interests are in conflict; which shall give way? On the one side we have public peace, public security, and the safety of lives. On the other side are your interests. The former, gentlemen, must be considered, though private interests suffer. The question of putting off this removal until next spring is inadmissible. The order cannot be modified. I want to see some diligence in complying with the order. Twelve days have passed; precious time is lost; a dispatch was sent, saying in the most positive terms that the order could not be modified. Here you are, after twelve days have passed. If any influence is shown it must be an application in specific cases with evidence that an effort has been made to comply with the order. If your interests led you out of the territory, instead of in, I can not help but think you would find some way out in the specified time. I wish you would co-operate and take hold and try to get the cattle off. No arguments will induce me to change what has been done. Some loss and inconvenience will no doubt follow, but there is an interest greater than yours which must receive attention."

The delegation, upon the conclusion of the President's reply, left the executive mansion.

Gen. Sheridan's Report.

Gen. Sheridan's report to the President on the results of his recent investigations into the troubles in the Indian Territory has been made public. He says he first sent for Agent Dyer, who said the Arrapahoes were well disposed, but were under the influence of the Cheyennes, and would not be obliged to furnish a contingent of braves in case of hostilities; that the Cheyennes were peaceful except the 1,200 represented by Chief Stone Calf, who were ugly. No progress toward civilization was being made. Dyer thought that to a certain extent the proximity of the cattle men was irritating, but that the only way to settle the trouble was to disarm the Indians and awe them into submission by a display of military force.

Gen. Sheridan next interviewed Chief Stone Calf, who represented the disaffected Indians. The burden of their complaints was the taking of their lands, though they had many complaints against the agents and others officially connected with the agency. They said that when the leases were made their opposition was manifested, whenever consulted or opportunity offered, in the strongest terms. They had refused to sign the leases and had never accepted any of the lease money. Pressure had been brought to bear on them, but they had resisted, and thus there had sprung up a division in the tribe between those who favored and those who opposed the leases, and the result was a division in their places of living. Matters were aggravated by the killing of Running Buffalo by a trespassing horse trader named Hartop, in May, 1884. The blame became frenzied at this act, and it was with difficulty that a massacre was averted. The discontent and irritation rapidly increased from this date. Peaceful control by the agent ceased. Instead of trying to conciliate them, the agent became more rigorous and endeavored to set them down on restricted pieces of land, and threatened them with the military power if they refused obedience. They saw in the course of the agent their concentration on a few acres of land, and the balance of their reservation practically transferred to the cattlemen for a long period of years, if not permanently.

Gen. Logan's Book.

Gen. Logan has long been at work on a history of the campaigns of the war in which he participated. It was practically completed a short time since, and for several weeks the general has been engaged in revising the manuscript and preparing it for the printer's hands.

It is known that Gen. Logan, in common with all who had personal knowledge of the events, has been thoroughly dissatisfied with several previous publications, which have carried considerable weight with the public, but which are not history. In his forthcoming volume it may be expected that several subjects thus erroneously treated by others will receive proper attention.

Won't Have Kieley.

The department of state is in receipt of a cablegram from Mr. Lee, secretary of the American legation at Vienna, saying that the Austrian government has positively declined to receive Mr. Kieley as United States minister. The authorities of Austria give no reason for their action, and merely say that they refuse to receive the official. Mr. Kelley is in Paris, where he has been for some weeks. He also has been informed of the decision of the Austrian authorities. Mr. Lee has been designated to act as charge d'affairs for the present.

Minister Keiley will return to the United States. It is understood that he will soon resign his present office, and that he will not be appointed to another foreign mission.

The Attorney General on the Liquor Question.

In reply to a request from the secretary of the treasury for an opinion upon certain points in relation to spirits bonded for export, Attorney General Garland says: "In the event that holders or owners of such spirits shall have failed within the seven months specified in the bond to withdraw them intact from the distillery warehouse, the forfeiture of the bond follows and the spirits are not protected thereafter from obligation for domestic tax. The effect of the bond, while in force and before forfeiture, is to be free spirits from such obligation, but this effect ceases upon the forfeiture and the bond. Any other construction would be an evasion of the statute. Upon application of the principal and sureties on such bond and for good cause shown the commissioner of internal revenue may, under existing regulations, extend the time named in the bond beyond seven months. I am of the opinion that spirits covered by the exportation bond after failure to withdraw them and after forfeiture of the bond are liable to distraint, under provisions of section 3 of act of May 28, 1880. Third, I answer that the condition of the bond having been broken by failure to withdraw the spirits from warehouse, and the right of the government to proceed upon the bond is unquestioned. At the same time, of course, the tax can be collected by distraint, and as the latter mode is the most expeditious, it would be advisable to resort to it first."

Lieut. Greely.

The leave of absence of four months, granted to Lieut. A. W. Greely, has been extended one month and twenty days on account of sickness. Lieut. Greely is now in Massachusetts. His physical condition has caused his friends to entertain apprehensions that he will not recover his health.

Internal Revenue.

Joseph S. Miller, commissioner of internal revenue, has made a preliminary report on the general condition of the internal revenue service. The report says the total collections for the fiscal year amounting to $112,430,111 have been properly accounted for and the money covered into the treasury of the United States. The cost of collecting the internal revenue for the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1885, was about $4,480,000, being 39 per cent. of the amount collected, and $600,000 less than the cost for the year 1884.

There is also appended to the report a table showing the aggregate receipts from internal revenue by states and territories during the fiscal year. Illinois heads the list with $23,075,864, followed by Kentucky with $14 842,475. New York is third with $13,823,644, and Ohio fourth with $12,565,518, Pennsylvania fifth with $7,371,209, Missouri sixth with $6,276,165, and Indiana seventh with $4,031,860.

For Army Officers.

Sec. Endicott has prepared a surprise for army officers, by amending certain army regulations so as to make them read as follows: "An officer shall not fill any staff appointment or other situation the duties of which will detach him from his company, regiment or corps, until he has served at least three years with his regiment or corps; nor shall any officer remain detached longer than four years, unless assigned to special duty by the war department."

The action on the part of Sec. Endicott is in pursuance of his policy to provide for a rotation of officers. Repeated efforts have been made in Congress to secure legislation that would have the same effect as the above regulation, but each attempt has failed. The secretary of war accomplishes the change by amending the regulations, which he claims he has authority to do.

Crop Reports.

The Agricultural bureau reports that the corn crop has made an improvement since the last report, and the indications are that the yield will be from twenty-six to twenty-seven bushels per acre. There has been an average decline of four points in spring wheat, which indicates a reduction of 6,000,000 bushels from the expectations July 1. No reports concerning the threshing of winter weat are received except in the South.

The average for oats has declined from 97 to 96, which is four points higher than in August of last year.

Rye averages 94, showing continued improvement since June 1.

Barley stands as in last report, at 92, which indicates about an average crop.

There is an increase in the area of buckwheat, and the condition averages 95.

A medium crop of hay is assured by an average of 88.

Tobacco makes a general average of 91. The average for potatoes is 95, against 97 last month.

The Speakership.

Several days ago when Speaker Carlisle stopped over in Washington, en route to the Grant funeral, he received a call from Gov. Curtin, of Pennsylvania. The governor stated that Mr. Randall would not be a candidate for the speakership next winter, and that he, Curtin, desired the honor or presenting Mr. Carlisle's name to the caucus as speaker for the forty-ninth Congress. Gov. Curtin added if this privilege were accorded him that he would move to make the nomination unanimous, inasmuch as it was not at all probable that Mr. Carlisle would have any competitors for the place. The speaker expressed his gratification at Gov. Curtin's suggestion and assured him that the tender was all the more flattering coming as it did from so prominent a member of the opposite faction. He promised to write to his Kentucky friends in regard to the matter, and signified his willingness to accept the governor's offer if it could possibly be arranged.

The President and the Cattle Kings.

Pres. Cleveland has issued a proclamation in which, after quoting the laws on the subject of settlement on the public domain, he says:

"WHEREAS, It has been brought to my knowledge that unlawful enclosures exist upon the public domain, and that actual legal settlement thereon is prevented and obstructed by such enclosures, and by force, threats and intimidation,

"Now, therefore, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby order and direct that any and every unlawful inclosure of the public lands maintained by any person, association or corporation, be immediately removed, and I do hereby forbid any person, association, or corporation from preventing or obstructing by means of such enclosures, or by force, threats, or intimidation, any person entitled thereto from peaceably entering upon and establishing a settlement or residence on any part of such public land which is subject to settlement under the laws of the United States."

Appointments.

The President has commissioned the following postmasters: Gardner A. Wilder, at Circleville, O.; W. Van Antwerp, at Jackson, Mich.; Henry Cook, at Michigan City, Ind.

The President has appointed Wm. C. Jones, of Kansas, to be marshal for the District of Kansas. Mr. Jones was educated at the Wisconsin state university, and went to Kansas in 1860; he entered the war as a major of the 10th Kansas infantry, and subsequently served as lieutenant colonel of the 15th Kansas cavalry; he was warden of the Kansas penitentiary under Gov. Black. He resides at Iowa, Kan., where he is engaged as a farmer and stock raiser.

W. H. Dawley has been appointed postmaster at Antigo, Wis., and Fayette Johnson, at Ludington, Mich.

The following is a list of appointments to postmasterships made by the President: William S. Evans, at Lagrange, Ga.; Lee Beal, at Richville, Mo.; E. A. Verborg, at North Vernon, Ind.; Richard Holmes, at Natchez, Miss.; Miguel Boland, at Delphi, Ind.; William M. Gay, at Wilson, N. C.; J. C. Jones, at Portage, Wis.; W. B. Isbell, at Westville, Conn.; T. Jacob, at Butler, Ind.; M. Freeman, at Broadfield, Mo.

The President has appointed John Dowlin to be collector of customs for the 22d, and Frank Schlandecker for the 19th district of Pennsylvania; also J. T. Gathright to be surveyor of customs at Louisville, and Leon Trousdale at Nashville.

Mr Joseph Colburn, of Denver, Col., was to-day appointed a timber agent of the land office.

The secretary of the treasury has promoted James R. Lake, a clerk of Class 4, to be assistant chief of the customs division of the secretary's office. He also directed the dismissal of the following special inspectors of foreign steam vessels: Frederick Washington, at New Orleans; Nelson Pierce, at San Francisco, and John Laughlin, at Philadelphia.

Prof. J. E. Hilgard, the suspended superintendent of the coast and geologic survey, tendered his resignation, and it was accepted, to take effect at once.

A. G. Sharp, chief postoffice inspector, has voluntarily resigned his position, and his resignation has been accepted.

The resignation of Joseph Stanley Brown, one of the geologists of the geological survey, has been accepted by Secretary Lamar. Mr. Brown was private secretary to Pres. Garfield and became widely and favorably known to the public, and especially to members of the press during the long illness of the President by the skillful manner in which he discharged the delicate and trying duties so suddenly thrust upon him. His resignation is entirely voluntary. He goes out for the purpose of pursuing a special course of scientific studies for a year or two at New Haven.

The President has made the following appointments: To be government directors of the Union Pacific railroad, Frederick R. Coudert, of New York City, vice Hon. Francis Kernan, declined; Marcus W. Hanna, of Cleveland, vice Learner B. Harrison, declined.

Notes.

Chief Bushyhead has issued a proclamation to the Indians of Indian Territory on the death of Gen. Grant. The document is written in fair English.

The consul of Guatemala at San Francisco has received instructions from his government to enter formal protest with Postmaster Gen. Vilas against the Pacific Mail company for having refused to carry Guatemalan mails on their steamers.

Acting Commissioner Walker, of the general land office, has issued a circular approved by the secretary of the interior, restricting the power of railroads in issuing land grants. Heretofore they have been selling lands to ignorant purchasers which they have lost through the operations of the general land laws; in future they will be compelled to make an oath as to their correctness.

Commissioner Colman is informed of an undoubted outbreak of pleuro-pneumonia in a herd of 60 thoroughbred Holstein cattle belonging at Fort Richmond, Staten Island. Four or five valuable animals have died. The commissioner has written to the governor of New York asking whether he will co-operate with the department in quarantining the herd.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Great Britain.

ENGLISH POLITICS.

The discontented section of the Tories, led by the Whig section of the late cabinet, are making overtures for a coalition. Sir Wm. Harcourt, Mr. Forester, and the Duke of Argyll are exchanging views with the Duke of Richmond, Sir Richard A. Cross, and other anti-Churchill members. By the coalition it is intended to obtain in the new parliament a majority sufficient to control the Radicals and the Parnellites.

OUTRAGES ON GIRLS.

There has recently been a startling increase of outrages on girls of tender years, in London an Liverpool. In a single day six miscreants were convicted at Liverpool, and other cases are reported elsewhere. The increase is attributed to the influence of the *Pall Mall Gazette's* recent exposure. The *Gazette* contends that there has been no increase, but that cases of outrage are simply brought into greater prominence.

LEGISLATION FOR IRELAND.

Mr. Parnell, speaking in the House of Commons, said he was glad that the landlords' opposition to the land-purchase bill had not been pressed, and that there seemed to be a chance of the bill passing. The present attitude of the House argued well for the shaping of future legislation for Ireland. He objected to the use of the church surplus, because he considered the government possessed ample security without that fund. He congratulated the Conservatives upon attempting to deal in a satisfactory way with the land question.

A PUBLIC SCANDAL.

Mr. Henry Labouchere, Radical, in the House of Commons, moved that the House reject the appropriation bill until the present government explain their Egyptian policy. The terms upon which the government had issued the Egyptian loan, said Mr. Labouchere, were a public scandal.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, chancellor of the exchequer, replying for the ministry, said that the government had sent Sir Henry Drummond Wolff as special envoy to the sultan. The last five years had greatly increased England's obligation toward Egypt. While the government must refuse to state at present what instructions Sir Henry Drummond Wolff carried with him, or what the object of his mission was, the speaker could state, in general terms, that "the government's policy was to put Egypt on a solid footing with regard to external defense, finance and internal administration. Our policy is to gradually give security and freedom to Egypt's independent action in the future." The chancellor also said he could at present make no statement regarding the question of evacuating Egypt, but concerning the defenses of the country and the position of affairs at Suakim, he could say both were in a most unsatisfactory condition. Mr. Labouchere's motion was rejected.

LONDON TORIES ON GRANT'S FUNERAL.

The *St. James Gazette*, a Tory organ, joins the *Saturday Review*, also Tory, in carping at the Grant memorial service at the Abbey. The editorial claims that no one, Lincoln excepted, on the side of the North can compare with Lee, Jackson, and Beauregard, for nobility of character. "This forbids us," continues the paper, "to regard Southern soldiers as criminals, over whose defeat of right the Englishmen rejoice in the house of God." The article next criticises America for making a grand funeral boom. "It would have been more humane to have buried the Northern general with less ostentation." The *Gazette* next directs its growl to the clergymen as follows: "Why should a dignitary of the English church use such language as Canon Farrar did on the occasion. It was as a man of war alone he talked of Grant over the grave. The war might have been treated in a letter way than that in the Christian church; in a church, more than any other, that is associated with the greatness of the English people. Canon Farrar treated with extraordinary forgetness the lessons that every religious teacher should have drawn. He snifted the battle afar off, twenty years after it had ceased,—indeed more like a soldier than a priest. Altogether it does not seem to us that either at home or in America any good prudent man will rejoice over the service held yesterday in the Abbey at Westminster."

In answer to the tirade is the fact that the Abbey was lent to the Americans for the service and their own English people were not invited, and the lion and unicorn were not compromised by sorrow and grief over him who eight summers ago all London, from Queen, Prince and cabinet down to hurraing crowds in the streets, earnestly honored. Per contra, if the fury growls, the sentiment of a vast majority of the Englishmen will be reflected in an editorial in the *Chronicle* on the Abbey service. "The Queen, Prince of Wales, and the dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught were severally represented. A field marshal, commander-in-chief, testified by his presence the respect he feels to the memory of a great soldier who forbid any person, association, or corporation from preventing or obstructing by means of such enclosures, or by force, threats, or intimidation, any person entitled thereto from peaceably entering upon and establishing a settlement or residence on any part of such public land which is subject to settlement under the laws of the United States owes her continued existence. The solemn proceedings in the Abbey cannot fail to become historic. They certainly lose nothing of their significance when an oration rather than a sermon, by Archdeacon Farrar, is recalled in the future."

IRISH POLITICS.

A bitter political and personal controversy is going on between Mr. Michael Davitt and Mr. Wm. O'Brien, editor of the *United Ireland*, Mr. Parnell's organ. Mr. Davitt accuses the *United Ireland* of maliciously attempting to place him in a false position before the country, and Mr. O'Brien warmly denies it.

ARBITRATION DROPPED.

The British government regards the arbitration of the Penjdeh dispute as dropped, by tacit consent of each government.

Russia.

RUSSIA PREPARING FOR WAR.

The imperial council of war has ordered the formation of a separate artillery department of the army for the Trans-Caspian Russian provinces." A majority of Russian papers profess to have no confidence in the apparently pacific declarations of Prime Minister Salisbury. They base their distrust on the perceptible and constant increase of England's military preparations. The *Journal de St. Petersbourg* says there are reports of the concentration of Afghan troops in the vicinity of Penjdeh, and says that therefore the Russian soldiers should do the same.

RUSSIA AND GERMANY.

The Russian minister of finance has prepared a measure exacting a close governmental supervision of the affairs of all German firms carrying on manufacturing business within the czar's domains. The bill will require that all the correspondence, both private and general, of these firms shall be submitted to Russian officials. The result of the enforcement of the measure will be to expose German manufacturing firms carrying on business in Russia to having their affairs known, and made use of by dishonest Russian bureaucrats.

Afghanistan.

AN ENGLISH PROJECT.

The shah of Persia has authorized the construction of a military road from Bushire to the Afghan frontier. This is reported to be an English project, England granting a subsidy for the work, which is designed for the rapid transportation of troops from the Persian gulf toward Herat.

RUSSIANS AND AFGHANS.

The Russians are planning a new town at Merv, including a citadel, barracks, gardens and bazzars. Owing to rumors that the Afghans are massing near Penjdeh, strong Russian reinforcements have been dispatched to that place.

ZULFICAR PASS.

The Marquis of Salisbury, replying to Duke Marlborough in the House of Lords, said the present government had done nothing to disturb the agreement made with Russia by Earl Granville in respect to Zulfikar pass. The Zulfikar pass had been promised to Afghanistan by Earl Dufferin, Viceroy of India, and the present government held itself bound by that promise. "Russia does not appear to share our views concerning this matter," continued the premier. "In the meantime Maruchak remains in possession of the Afghans, and Penjdeh continues in the possession of Russia, and we are pursuing as rapidly and vigorously as possible a policy to strengthen the Indian frontier. No alteration in the diplomatic situation can induce the government in the slightest degree to relax or alter this policy, which will not depend upon transitory relations with this or that other power, but which is absolutely necessary for the security of India. The government have, at present, no intention to occupy strategetic positions in the Ameer's dominion."

RUSSIAN INTRIGUES.

The *Bombay Gazette* states that Yakoob Bris's son has, with Russian assistance, occupied Kashgar, in Chinese Turkestan, and that, with his followers, he is now menacing the Kooldja province claimed by China.

FORTIFYING HERAT.

Dispatches sent from Mesbed, in Persia, near the Afghan frontier, say that the British officers in Herat are well treated by the inhabitants, and that their health is excellent despite the torrid weather prevailing. The work of fortifying Herat against a possible Russian advance is making rapid progress. The Ameer is preparing another large force of Afghan troops for the protection of Herat. The Ameer's son will be placed in nominal command of Sitkas.

The dispatches state that the Turcomans of Merv are greatly excited against Russian soldiery, because of their alleged brutal conduct toward native women.

Germany.

EMPEROR WILLIAM.

Dispatches from Gastien state that Emperor William has abandoned his projected visit to Ischl, where he was to have met the emperor of Austria. It has been arranged instead, that the Austrian emperor shall come to Gastien. Gastien is crowded with visitors, attracted by the imperial presence. The aged Kaiser has recovered from his recent illness, and at present displays wonderful vigor for a person of his age. He takes long walks in public every day.

Egypt.

KASSALA.

Advices from Abyssinia say that Rosolula, with 5,000 troops, and Rasmarcal, with 3,500, will attack the besiegers of Kassala at two points in October, and at the same time 1,200 Indians and 800 Anglo-Egyptians will attack them at a third point.

OSMAN DIGNA.

It is now denied that Osman Digna is dead.

THE SOUDAN.

A dispatch from London says: Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, the British special envoy to Turkey, is instructed to offer the Porte facilities for occupying and governing the Soudan and, temporarily, some points in Egypt, but no share in governing Egypt, in return for an alliance against Russia.

GARRISON FAMISHING.

Maj. Charmoide telegraphs that the rebels in July attacked Algeden, 50 miles east of Kassala, and were repulsed with a loss of seven sheiks and 370 men. The Kassala garrison is famishing.

The Congo Country.

THE CONGO STATE.

The Paris *Matin* says that persons entering the service of the Congo state are obliged to sign an agreement to maintain strict silence regarding the state of affairs in that country. The hostility of the natives prevent stores from reaching their destination; the climate is deadly, and there is only one doctor in a territory 300 by 600 miles in extent.

Canada.

THE HALF-BREEDS.

Thirty half-breeds concerned in the Riel rebellion entered pleas of guilty to treason-felony at Regina. Two of the prisoners were discharged, and sentence on the others deferred for eight days. Riel has written to the United States consul at Winnipeg, asking the appointment of an international commission to determine his sanity. Petitions for his pardon are being numerously signed by the French-Canadians, who are raising a fund to enable him to take an appeal.

RIEL'S CASE.

Fully 5,000 persons were present at a meeting in Riel's behalf, held in Montreal Sunday. It was resolved that a petition be sent to the Imperial and Canadian governments to obtain Riel's pardon.

HOG CHOLERA.

The herds of swine in South Essex, Ont., are being decimated by hog cholera. The disease is resisting all attempts to arrest its ravages.

Mexico.

YELLOW FEVER IN MEXICO.

Yellow fever has appeared at Mazatlan and Tehuantepec. At the former place the disease is not violent and the physicians in charge express confidence in treating it. At Tehuantepec efforts are being made by the municipal authorities to stamp out the fever. Many persons deny the efficacy of Dr. Carmona's vaccination process.

SECESSION IN MEXICO.

A special dispatch from Lajereta, in the state of Nuera, Leon, Mexico, says that the governors of five of the northern states of Mexico have been in secret council there for several days past. The object of the conference has been kept profoundly secret, but a remark made by an intimate friend of Gov. Cuellar, of Nuero-Leon, to the effect that in the event the English debt in its new form was forced on the people, it would be advisable for the Eastern and Northern states to secede in a body. It is believed that the council is considering the financial policy of the Central government, which is strongly opposed by leading and influential men in the Northern states, and that the question of secession under certain circumstances has entered into their deliberations.

Isthmus of Panama.

Later news from the theater of the war is not such as to inspire hope of an early conclusion of the struggle. The rebels abandoned their camp on the island opposite Panama, whence they had made several attacks on the government forces, and moved up the river on the 18th. An intercepted letter from their commander, Camargo, says that he had determined to change completely his plan of operations. This letter does not state what his intentions are, but as it is addressed to the commander of the revolutionary contingent in Baranquilla, urging that officer to join him with his entire command without delay, it is evident that he contemplates active operations. Gen. Reyes, of the government forces, says Camargo cannot muster more than 2,500 men, including the crews of the seven river steamers. One of the last of this fleet, the Medellin, was burned and blown up in the battle of Tamalamque, and two prominent rebel leaders went down in her—Generals Hernandez and Uargas Santos. The sanitary condition of the Isthmus has not improved. The condition of Colon is something terrible, and a perfect plague seems to have struck the place. There are sometimes as many as 25 deaths per day. In a population of less than 10,000 that death rate is something startling.

The Cholera.

A PRIEST BURIED ALIVE.

A terrible episode of the cholera epidemic is reported from Spain. A devoted priest who had labored zealously among the stricken people was finally prostrated by the scourge himself. The disease passed through all its regular stages and the priest apparently died. The frightened people who were about him made only a hasty examination of the body and hurriedly placed it in a coffin, screwed down the lid, and left it over night to be buried in the morning. When the bearers came in the morning to remove the body a fearful sight presented itself. The coffin had been upset and had fallen from the table to the floor. The body was twisted around and partially doubled, showing that it had been writhing in mortal agony. The face was appalling in its expression of hopeless horror. The hands were bleeding, and the finger-nails had been torn off in the awful struggle. It was evident that the unfortunate had been entombed alive, that he had recovered consciousness during the night, and had made a long and terrible struggle to burst the walls of his ghastly prison until he had become too weak to struggle longer, and had then been slowly stifled. He was certainly dead when found in the morning, and was hastily interred. It is feared that many cases of premature burial may have occurred during the present epidemic in consequence of the great fright among the people, which causes them to get rid of the dead at the earliest possible moment.

The cholera panic is increasing at Marseilles. Many persons are fleeing the city in dread. It is reported that no less than 80 persons have died from the disease in Marseilles within the past few days.

Cholera has for some time existed in the jail at Cartagena, but every effort has been made to suppress an outside knowledge of the fact. It is now said that no less than 200 criminals imprisoned within the jail were down with the scourge. This discovery produced a fearful panic among the other convicts, and they rose in revolt and made the most desperate efforts to break away from prison. They were, however, finally overpowered by the soldiery and compelled to resume their quarters. Several inmates of the jail at Granada are also ill with cholera.

There are several cases of cholera in Paris hospitals, and a number of other patients with the disease are undergoing private treament in the city. Thirty persons died of cholera at Marseilles, Tuesday.

The populace at Granada brutally assaulted several doctors who had declined to give more attention to patients. Hostility to doctors has resulted in an alarming spread of the disease among the lower classes, by whom the doctors are always compelled to taste the medicines they wish to administer. The commander of the province and many officers, priests and nuns have succumbed to the disease, attacks of which are most fatal at nightfall and during storms.

Mr. Arthur Balfour, president of the local government board, announced in the House of Commons that the government had prohibited the importation of rags from Spain, and was considering the advisability of prohibiting their importation from France. Stringent local measures had also, he said, been ordered enforced for the prevention of cholera.

The panic caused by the rapid spread of cholera in Spain is increasing. Entire villages have been deserted by their inhabitants, who have fled for safety from the dreaded disease. In many cases doctors and municipal authorities have been attacked by the scourge and the sick have been abandoned and the dead left unburied. Reports from several places state that it is impossible to obtain provisions or medicines. The misery throughout the country is great.

Vessels arriving at Italian ports from French ports will be quarantined one week if they have clean bills of health, and three weeks if they have unclean bills. Railway travelers suspected of being infected with cholera will be fumigated.

The Greek government has increased the quarantine ordered against arrivals from Marseilles from five to eleven days.

All imports from French and Spanish Mediterranean ports have been prohibited by Holland until the cholera has disappeared.

The government grants a credit of 600,000 francs for cleansing Marseilles. Spanish refugees crossing the Pyranees are sent back to Spain. Travellers on the borders are generally maltreated.

Incomplete returns record 2,378 new cases of cholera throughout Spain Thursday, and 910 deaths from that disease.

There were 4,171 new cases of cholera and 1,511 deaths from the disease reported Sunday throughout Spain.

There were 3,500 new cases of cholera, and 1,343 deaths from the disease reported throughout Spain, Monday. These statistics, however, do not convey the whole truth about the prevalence of the scourge, as they are not complete. Cholera has made its appearance in Barcelona, Bilboa, San Sebastian, Santander, Huesca and Tolosa.

Relatives of cholera patients in many of the Spanish provinces assault the doctors, in the belief that they poison their patients.

The archbishop of Seville died of cholera Monday.

The Marseilles chamber of commerce has petitioned the government to urge foreign governments to relax unwarranted quarantines against Marseilles, especially those of Spain and at Gibraltar.

The Small End of the Administration.

In the course of an interview in Chicago, Vice-Pres. Hendricks was asked:

"Did you think civil service reform, so-called, has been firmly enough engrafted upon our politics to be called an established fact?"

Mr. Hendricks hesitated a moment, then replied with some emphasis, "I do not. Nothing can be called an established fact about which there is still argument, discussion and a division of opinion."

"It has been intimated, Mr. Hendricks, in various newspapers, that there is not that cordiality and oneness of purpose between Pres. Cleveland and yourself that would naturally be expected to characterize the first Democratic administration in 25 years."

"Well, as to that, it is the invention principally of disaffected representatives of factions on the one hand